THE Mirrour of Mutabilitie, or Principall part of the Mirrour for Magistrates.

Describing the fall of diuers famous Princes, and other memorable Personages.

Selected out of the sacred Scriptures by Antony Munday, and dedicated to the Right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.

Honos alit Artes.

IMPRINTED at London by Iohn Allde and are to be solde by Richard Ballard, at Saint Magnus Corner.

1579.

VERO NIHIL VERIVS

A happy race God graunt the woorthy wight,
to whom this Creast of honnor dooth pertain:
To liue in ioy, vnto his harts delight,
and after death among the Saints to reign.

TO THE RIGHT HO-

norable and his ſinguler good Lord & Patron, Edvvard De Vere, Earle of Oxenforde, Vicount *Bulbeck, Lord of Eſcales and Badleſmere, and Lord great* Chamberlayne of England, Antony Munday wisheth in this world a triumphant tranquillitie, with continuall increaſe of Honorable Dignitie, and after this life, a Crown of euerlaſting felicitie, in the eternall Hierarchie.

After that I had deliuered (Right Honorable) vnto your courteous and gentle peruſing, my book intituled Galien of Fraunce, *vvherein, hauing not ſo fully compriſed ſuch pithines of ſtile, as one of a more riper Inuention could cunningly haue carued: I reſt Right Honorable on your Clemency, to amend my errors committed ſo vnſkilfully But at that time beeing very deſirous to attaine to ſome vnderſtanding in the languages, conſidering in time to come: I might reap therby ſome commoditie, ſince as yet my vvebbe of youthfull time vvas not fully vvouen, and my vvilde oates required to be ſurrovved in a forreyne ground, to ſatisfye the trifling toyes that daily more and more frequented my buſied braine: yeelded my ſelf to God and good Fortune, taking on the habit of a Traueler. And hauing ſuſtayned in*

the colde Countrey of Fraunce diuers contagious calamities, and sundry sortes of mishaps. As first, beeing but newly ariued, and not aquainted with the vsage of the Countrey, betweene Bulloin and Abeuile, my Companion and I were stripped into our shirts by Soldiars, who (if rescue had not come) would haue endamaged our liues also. Me thought this was but an vnfreendly welcome, considering before I thought that euery man beyond the Seas was as frank as an Emperour, and that a man might liue there a Gentlemans life, and doo nothing but walke at his pleasure, but finding it not so: I wished my self at home again, with sorowe to my sugred sops. But calling to minde that he which fainteth at the first assault: would hardly indure to fight out the Battell: tooke Courage afresh, hoping my hap would proue better in the end, since it had such a bitter beginning, and so passed forward to Paris.

Beeing there ariued, to recompence my former mishaps: I found the world well amended, for not only I obtayned new garments, but diuers Gentlemen to be my freends also, some that had sustained as ill fortune as I, and therfore returned back againe into England, and other some that were very glad of my comming, in hope I had beene such a one as they looked for. But repelling such Sathanicall illusions, such golden proffers of preferment, to aduaunce me vnto my larger contentment: I gaue them the hearing of all their politique deuises, which (as they thought) had taken deep root at their first planting. And considering that I had enterprised this iourney for my pleasure, and in hope to attaine to some knowledge in the French tung, if that I should seeme to scripulous in their presence: it might turn to my farder harme. For there no freends I had to help me, no wealth to maintaine me, no succour neere to saue me,

but

but if I denyed, my nevv freends vvould diſdaine: perſvvaded myſelf in their preſence to doo as they bad me, but vvhē they vvere abſent: to doo then as pleaſd me. By theſe meanes I obtayned their lavvfull fauoure, in ſo much, that they thorovvly prouided me for my iourney to Roome. VVhere for my more prefermēt likvviſe, they deliuered me diuers letters to ſundry perſons (vvhoſe names I remit) that there I ſhould be placed in the office of a Preeſt. VVell my freend & I gaue them a thouſand thanks for their liberall expences, and freendly Letters, and ſo vve departed.

But vvhen vve had vvith an nights reſt pondered of our iourney, and conſidered the emminent daungers before our eyes. Firſt hovv ready Sathan ſtood to tempt vs; and prick vs forvvard ſtil to the eternall perdition of our ſoules. Secondly, that vve ſhould forſake ſo ſoone the title & name of a Chriſtian, and yeeld our necks to the yoke and ſlauerye of the Romaine Decretales, in that vve profeſſing our ſelues before faithfull followvers of our deere Maiſter Chriſte, ſhould novv ſo vvilfully forſake him. Thirdly, vnto all our freends, (eſpetially our Parents) vvhat an hart ſorovve it vvould be, to heare hovv their liberall enpences beſtovved on vs in our youth, in trayning vs vp in verteous educations is novv ſo lightly regarded: as able to cauſe the Father to yeeld his breath, for the ſorrovve conceiued through th negligence of his Sonne, and all ingenerall lament our vnnaturall vſages. Fourthly, from the Seruants of one eternall true God, to come to be Idolaters, VVoorshipers of ſtocks and ſtones, and ſo forſake the feare of God, our duty to our ſouereign Prince, and our loone to our parents, and all affection to our freends. All theſe (beeing the principall points) thorovvly cōſidered: vvithdrevv my mind from my former intent, as hauing knovvledge of my Lord the Eng-

lish Ambassadour then lying in Paris, to him we went, & deliuered our aforsaid Letters, desiring the prudent counsell of his Honnor therin. His Honnor perceiuing our imbecilitie, and opening the Letters: found therin where of I haue before certified your Honnor, which when he had worthily ballanced in the brest of a second Solon sayd,

My deere and faithfull Countrymen (as I hope you are) not so glad of your welfare, as sory for your ariuall, in that you hazard your selues on such a stayelesse state, to become as freends to your enemyes, and foes to your Countrey, heere standing at the mercye of a rauening Wolfe, who not only would deuoure you from your Countrie: but bothe body and soule from Heauenly felicitie, Better therfore to abide the pouertie, of this your want and necessitie, then to sell your selues wilfully into such perpetuall slauery, and not only to your great ignomy, but to your freends perpetuall infamy, to your Prince and famous Countrie, if you leaue your Captaine thus cowardly. Take hart afresh corragiously. & dread no calamitie, take patient all aduersitie, & God will assist ye.

This excellent Discourse pronounced by so prudent a personage, me thought did demonstrate the excellencye of true nobilitie. And then departing from his Honnor, I iournied into Italy, to Roome, Naples, Venice. Padua, and diuers other excellent Citties. And now returned, remembring my bounden duty to your Honnor, I present you with these my simple labours, desiring pardon for my bolde attempt.

Faccio fine, è riuerentemente baccio le vostre valorose Mani.

Humilissimo, e Diuotissimo, e sempre
Osseruandissimo Vasallo, e Seruitore,

Antony Munday.

ℂ *The Authors Commendation of the* Right Honorable Earle of Oxenford.

E xcept I should in frændship sæme ingrate,
D enying duty, where to I am bound:
W ith letting slip your Honors worthy state,
A t all assayes, which I haue Noble found.
R ight well I might refrayne to handle pen:
D enouncing aye the company of men.

D own dire despayre, let courage come in place,
E xalt his fame whom Honor doth imbrace.

V ertue hath aye adornd your valiant hart,
E xampled by your dæds of lasting fame:
R egarding such as take God Mars his parte,
E che where by prowse, in Honor and in name.

E che one doth knowe no fables I expresse,
A s though I should encroche for priuate gayne:
R egard you may (at pleasure) I confesse,
L etting that passe, I vouch to dread no paine.
E che where, gainst such as can my faith distaine.

O r once can say, he deales with flatterye:
F orging his tales to please the fantasye.

O f mine intent your Honor iudge I craue,
X ephirus blowe your Fame to Orient skyes:
E xtoll I pray this valiant Brittayne braue,
N ot sæming once Bellona to despise.
F or valliantnes beholde young Cæsar hære,
O r Hanniball loe Hercules in place:
R ing forth (I say) his Fame both farre and nære,
D out not to say, De Vere will foes deface.

Verses

¶ *Verses written by the Author vpon his* Lords Posey. *VERO NIHIL VERIVS.*

V ertue displayes the trueth in euery cause,
E che vaine attempt her puisance dooth disprooue:
R epelling falsehood, that dooth seek eche clause,
O f dire debate Dame Trueth for to remooue.

N othing vvee say that truer is then trueth,
I t follie is against the streame to striue:
H ard is the hap that vnto such ensueth,
I n vain respects the trueth for to depriue.
L et such take heed for folly dooth them driue.

V aunt not to much of thy vainglorious state,
E steeme the trueth for shee vvil guide thee right:
R efrain alvvay to trust to fickle fate,
I n end shee fayles so simple is her might.
V se tried trueth so shalt thou neuer fall:
S vveet is the yoke that shall abridge thy thrall.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

YOur freendly courtesies considered (gentle Readers) I finde my self more largely indebted: then any possibilitie that lyeth in me is able to counteruayle. But more building on thy bounty, then my simple demerits, more on thy freendship, then any deserued fauour. I haue now the third time presumed on thy clemency. Confessing it might haue been far better deliuered, if a more expert & cunning Artificer had taken it hand. But some I knowe will finde more fault then needeth, some will carp vpon no occasion, & some will condemn before they haue read. Yet some agayne, though they finde a scape, they wil beare with the *Authors* simplicitie, and consider his good will indifferently, concerning his want of learning, and also his Adolocencye. Not as yet able to vaunt his Muse so Heroycally, as Writers of longer libertie, who are dayly practised in the rules of Poetrie. To all those he giueth place, and suffiseth his want on courser cheats, till time serueth to prefer him to a daintier dish. Thus desiring thee to accept this till the third part of this worke be finished: I leaue thee, listning to the clock, to take vp my bookes and hye me to Schoole.

Nil tam difficile est, quod non solertia vincat.

Tuus dum suus. *Antony Munday.*

CC. *Claudius*

¶ Claudius Hollyband, in the Commendation of his Schollers exercise:

SI tu veux fuir plusieurs vices damnables,
Moyennement au monde te tenir,
Et voir à l'œil les choses conuenables:
Lis moy ceſt œuvre, pour te bien contenir:
C'eſt vn Flambeau pour clairement venir
Au lieu ou fait Vertu ſa demeurance,
Sans point avoir du peruers l'accointance,
Qui ne peut point à ce bien paruenir:
C'eſt le guidon droit, facile et plaiſant
De bonnes mœurs, et miroir euidant,
Te dirigeant à fuir toute meſchance.

M. Claudius Hollyband, his Verses thus Englished.

IF thou wilt flye from diuers vices vayne,
And in this woꝛld abide in quiet ſtay:
And with thine eyes perceiue a Mirrour plain:
Of things conuenient foꝛ thy ſelf eche day.
Peruſe this woꝛk, where thou no dout ſhalt finde:
A rule to kéep thy ſtate in ſtedfaſt kinde.

Foꝛ like a Toꝛche it cléerely giueth light,
Unto Dame Vertues famous Manſion place:
Without acquaintaunce with the wicked wight,
Which by no meanes ſuch honoꝛ can purchaſe.
This is the guyde of manners pꝛoued playne:
To teach thée flye the feare of farder payne.

Dum ſpiro ſpero. *Finis. C. H.*

¶ Thomas Procter in Commendation of this Woork, and the Authoz therof.

WHat, shall I speak, oz shall I holde my peace?
I knowe not wel which of them bothe were best
If of my frend my pen in prayse should preace,
Some would alledge of frendship I erprest.
But sith his matters are so manifest.
To speak my minde what shall I néd to feare:
Since good repozt his Woorks well woorthy are.

If I should séeme hauing perusde the same,
And sée no cause why I should not commend:
To let it passe I should deserue but shame,
Beside displeasure of my louing frend.
I would be loth in either to offend.
But to say trueth, bothe daungers to preuent:
He well deserues because so well he ment.

He showes how fraile our earthly Honoz is,
How sone our pleasures perish vnto nought:
What daunger turnes to bale our woorldly blisse,
By elder Age which haue such frailtie sought.
At length how Death eche state to earth hath brought.
The hautyest hart that vaunts of Victoz s foze:
His direfull dart vnbreaths without remoze.

The Wise whose wit inferiour vnto none,
Through his abuse bewayles his follyes fall:
The Valliant yéelds, and conquerd makes his mone,
The Rich complaines to minde his fault to call,
By these estats he séemes to warne vs all.
Lest through our Wit, our Strength and Riches froze:
We vainly vaunt, and lack their lolle deploze.

Of pampers Pride, of Enuye and of Wrath,
Of lothsome Lust and filthie Gluttony:
Of Couetousnes and sluggish Sloth he hath,
Prescribde the shame and greefe that comes therby.

Laſt biddeth vs ſuch ſhameleſſe ſins to fly.
For feare as thoſe who haue them ſelues abuſde:
Wée waile to late their warnings gød refuſde.

Some of theſe Men were Kings, Dukes, Earles and Lords,
Some worthy Knights ſome learned Iudges weare:
But what of that? no fauour Death affordes,
Hée ſtriketh vs vncertain when or where.
Hée vnregardes of what eſtate wée are.
As ſone the King that rules the regall Crown,
Yælds vnto him as doth the ſiely Clown.

And pierc't with Death wherto wée all ſhall yæld,
Their shameles ſins with ſorow they bemone:
Whome neither VVit nor force of Mars his ſhæld,
Can ſauegarde them through their abuſe or ethrone,
Ne Worldly VVelth may profit any one.
For earthly ioyes wherin they ſeemd to truſt,
Auailes a whit to help their ſutes vniuſt.

Of Elder Age hée ſhowes the frail eſtate,
Who in their liues Inferiours were ſo ſin:
Beſides hée doth vnto vs all relate,
A perfect path for vs to walk therin.
And to amend hée wils vs to begin.
For at the length eche one account ſhall giue:
If one the Earth hée wel or il did liue.

Hée wel deſerues becauſe hée ſought ſo wel.
To publiſh that might teach vs what wée are:
And tok in hand our Elders liues to tel,
Whoſe ſhameles ſinnes might warne vs to beware.
And by their fall wils vs to haue a care.
Wherfore let mée your Verdits wholely tel:
And MVNDAY thank that vſde his Wit ſo wel.

Nil melius arte. T P.

T. N. in commendation of this vvoork.

THe Caruer often cuts from hard and craggie stone/
Some rare deuise & curio⁹ woork in hope to please ech one
But some that look theron oft times at vandō talk/ chalk
When they themselues can hardly frame the like of teder
So likewise he that gēd with pain this myrror for thy ease
Is sure though some slow his pains that that some he shall displease.
The woork it self no fables are but wouen from holy Writ.
Wherto he hath in Tragick wise some prety Stories knit.
All which are doon for thy delight wherin he freendly showes:
That lofty mindes are subiect sure vnto a thousand woes.
Heerin he showes example wise/ the guerdon due to pride:
To Treason/ Murder/ Lechery/ and Couetousnes beside.
Which if you shun or if it be thou feest some prinie prick: quick.
Then thank him who dooth wish thee wel though he do touch the
And if thou know thy self for to be free from these/
Lend him good will as he deserues who seeks none to displease.
Who though he haue not voomd so farre as finer wits could waue it
yet as it is vnto thy skil he is content to leaue it.
Allow his labour yet accept what he hath dun/
And thou shalt see the monthly steps that Wunday meanes to run:
And I his Freend and thine shall think as wel of thee/
As Wundayes woork dooth wel deserue accounted of to bee.

Petit ardua Virtus. *Finis.* T. N.

E K. Gentleman in commendation of the Author.

THe hart of man rightly ech gift should commend,
that man vnto man for freendship dooth send.
For so Christe him self left ensample behind,
As Scripture dooth declare concerning such minde.
The gift of the rich men Christe did reiect,
But to the poore VViddowe hee gaue good respect.
For shee of her need did offer mites twain,
And they of their plenty, abundance and gain.
Her minde was the cause that Christe did beholde,
The smalnes of the gift and not handfuls of Golde.
My goodwil therfore likewise must commend,
The labours of any that to Vertue dooth tend.
VVherin is contained things woorthy of sight,
Heerin wel performed and now brought to light.

Finis. *Ed. K night.*

CMathew VVighthand in the behalf of his Freend Antony Munday.

SVch vvofull vvights as vvayle the vvant of vvelth,
And drovvnes their dayes in gulfs of gaping greefe:
Such siely soules as scornes their holsome helth,
To run a race deuoyd of eare releefe.
Such vvilfull vvights that svvims in follies fond:
And drovvnes their dayes in depth of dollours pond.

Such simple Sots as sits in sullen seats,
And skoules to shroud in seas of stayed state:
Such mirthlesse mates as mouthes no sugred meats,
But drencht in dole and drovvnd in dark debate.
If such (I say) vvould once peruse this vvoork,
They vvould denounce in lothed life to lurk.

Eche fond attempt vvith greefe they vvould bemone,
Eche heauy hap that hath them past of yare:
And in this Glasse discerne their faults eche one,
And frame their liues for to offend no more.
Their Anceſters dooth them heer vvarning giue:
In vvhat estate beseemes them best to liue.

Then let my freend obtaine your good report,
Since for his paynes he craues no other hire.
His hope is good, that of the freendly sort,
He shall receiue that vvhich he dooth require.
I leaue you heere to iudge and say the best:
So Munday shall obtayne his due beheſt.

Adhuc Cœlum voluitur.

FINIS. M. VV.

¶ William Hall in commendation of his Kinseman Antony Munday.

Thy tender time to take such task in hand,
Demonstrates playne thy zeale & good intent:
Which when I had at leysure ouer scand,
And finding proof wherto thy minde was bent.
I thought it good in mine vnskilfull verse:
A Kinsemans loue in breefe for to rehearse.

Yet lest some think that I affectly vse,
My pen in praise thy deeds for to display:
To wiser wits I leaue the same to chuse,
And let them iudge if I doo rightly say.
So shall I rid my hands of farther blame:
And nerthelesse thou shalt obtaine thy fame.

Vse time therfore as Wisdome shall direct,
And take thy time as leysure shall admit:
Lest in thine age Dame Science thee reiect,
And so thy time with speedy foot dooth flit:
Few woords and sweet, occasion bids me end:
A thousand thanks I yeeld vnto my freend.

Ouid. *Dum vires annique sinunt, tollerate laborem:*
Nam veniet tacito curua senecta pede.

Respice finem. Finis W H.

Thomas Spigurnel in praise of the Book and the Author.

FOr all that *Chaucer* had great praise/
For penning verse which he did vse:
By prating pen his fame to raise/
And so to occupy his muse.
yet therin sure he did abuse,
His muse, his minde and eke his wit:
By leauing things that were more fit.

My Freend heer paynfully hath pend,
A Mirrour playne for vs to view:
A Glasse wherein wee may depend,
To see what mischeef dooth ensue,
Of wickednes and eke the crue.
Of such as do delight therin:
And so their owne destruction win.

The Historyes be sacred sure,
And such as be moste woorthy prayse:
For Vertue by them shall indure,
And so cut of all wicked wayes,
And so I leaue by pen to prayse,
The fame of this moste woorthy Book:
And eke the pains that *Munday* took.

FINIS TS

The

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE *Mirrour of Mutabilitie, rightly named,* the Principall parte of the Mirrour *for Magistrates.*

The Author.

MARCVS, TVLLIVS, CICERO, that flourishing floure of all Eloquence, hath in diuers and sundry places prescribed the direct rule of a vertevous life, declaring many excellent exhortations to auoyd the vices which are incident to the weakned minde. As the Pride of life. The Enuye of the minde at the prosperitie of an other. The Wrath which wasteth and molesteth the hart. The Gluttonous excesse of belly Gods and pampred paunches, in their daintie fare and drunken delights. The lasciuious and vnlawful desire of the flesh. The Couetous consciences of Welthie Worldly misers. And lastly, the sluggish Sloth and idle life, enemye to all vertevous actions. The consideration wherof: caused me to write this Discourse, as a plain and sufficient example to all ingenerall, wherin they may see, the dissolute life of diuers personages forepassed, as the Scripture by credible authoritie maketh deliberate mention. And first for the entraunce in to these Discourses, since occasion serueth so fit: I haue elected and chosen King *Nabuchodonozor*, sometime King of *Babilon*, Who through the great

and inordinate Pride, from his regall dignitie: was brought to such base extremitie, that in shape of an Ore he was made to eat on the ground in the company of other beasts and Oren. Therefore this Discourse following, suppose it to be spoken by the King himself, sorowfully lamenting for his former offences, and so all the rest in their order as followeth.

PRIDE.

P RIDE is the root, from vvhence all vice dooth spring,
R ich is that man, that can auoyd the same:
I nfernall vvoes for guerdon it dooth bring,
D eserued due to their perpetuall shame:
E che one therfore regarde his verteous name.

THE COMPLAINT OF King Nabuchodonozor, some time King of Babilon, for the inordinate and excessiue PRIDE, that he vsed in his life time.

Caput. 1.

On

Of Nabuchodonozor.

ON highest tipe of Honors lofty name,
I some time did in Princely pomp remayne:
Wothe farre and néer I boze the golden fame,
And who but I in chéefe estate did reign:
Till suddainly in all my peacocks plumes:
I was throwen down for all my freating fumes.

What so thou be that fayne wouldst knowe my name,
And how I liu'd, attend vnto my tale:
Nabuchodonozor, I am the very same,
Who suddenly was turnd from blisse to bale. ¶b
In Pride I rulde, and flaunted with the best:
Who me denayd, by power I suppzest.

I am that King which did the Image frame,
Wherto all men should treble homage giue: ¶b
Those that rebeld should taste the scozching flame,
This in my Pride I vse while I did liue.
Blod, blod, was all I dayly did destre:
Such was the rule wherto I did aspire.

When Sidrach, Misach, and Abednago,
To homage did my golden God disdayne:
In flaming Fornace sone I did them throwe, ¶b
Wherin I thought to wozk their cruell payne.
But of my will, see how I was deceiued:
God by his might my puissant pomp bereued.

His Angell did pzeserue them in the flame,
So that they did no harme at all sustayne: ¶b
No, not one hear did perish out of frame,
This when I saw, did gorge me with disdayne.
I thought my self inferiour vnto none:
But I as God triumphant rulde alone.

The Complaint.

I thought eche wight was subiect vnto me,
I thought it prayse to beare a loftie name:
Pride rulde my hart, I could not Vertue see,
Vice did abound my pleasure for to frame.
A mortall man: no, no, a God and eke obayd:
My whole estate in pamperd Pride I swayd.

No one I thought that could my power suppresse,
Much lesse I thought to finde my equall mate:
With wordes I caused to bow bothe more and lesse,
With hauty deeds I maintaynd still my state,
This stomack stout disdaynd to stoupe all:
This mightie minde no feare could once apall.

But yet the Lord to make me feele his might,
Bereft me cleane of mine Impeeiall seat:
For seuen yeeres space, my Pride for to requite,
In shape of Ore on ground he made me eat.
A iust reward which I did well deserue:
Since so I did disdayne his name to serue.

Yet at the length his mercy toke such place,
That he restorde me to my Seat agayne:
And where before I ran an vncouth race,
With treble ioy my Crowne I did attayne.
Now I perceiu'ed God brought my state so lowe:
And rayse me vp, that I my self might knowe.

Beholde how gratious was the Lord to me,
That lined long moste odious to beholde:
See how at length his mercy set me free,
And brought me home agayne into his folde.
And though that I did run awhile astray:
Loth was the Lord to see me cast away.

You

Of Nabuchodonozor.

You Potentates that rule in high degrée,
Remember how your state is héere vnsure:
And though on Earth a while your bidings be,
It is but lent, it doth not aye indure.
Think as to day your life you do sustayne:
To morrowe dead, the prowfe hérof is playne.

Think not to liue as Gods vpon the land,
Remember still that Pryde will haue a fall:
Consider you are Subiect to Gods hand,
And in a moment passe away you shall.
Liue stil to dye, that you may redy be:
When God shall call eche one in his degrée.

Sée how my Pryde was quickly layd in dust,
Beholde you may my Mutabilitie:
My Princely rule wheron I whole did trust,
Did naught auayle my state to fortifie.
Ye set me vp, agayne, he brought me lowe:
That I to you a warning plaine might showe.

Remember diuers past in preter time,
That haue receiu'd as sadden fall as I:
And haue likewise offended in this crime,
Now wisely looke, you like tread not awrye.
Proud Lucifer fell down from Heauen hye:
And all through Pryde God did in him espye.

Beware of Pryde therfore my Brethern all,
With your estates still holde your selues content.
Pryde, Pryde, was only cause of my great fall,
And for my Pryde beholde how I was shent.
Example take, be warned now by me:
Let me suffise your pattern for to be.

The Complaint.

And to my graue with spæd I haste agayne,
Since I haue tolde that which I did desire:
For now I hope that you will shun the payne,
That comes through Pride, whose lew is lasting fire.
And thus adieu, God graunt eche one may læ:
Vnto his state, and so content to be.

FINIS.

The Author.

NABVCHODONOZOR, hauing thus ended his dolefull Discourse, and heauily from his hart lamented his straunge preter Mutabilitie, yet reioyced hartily, that God had so bountefully extended his mercy vpon him, as to recall him from his former follyes, and giuen him the Spirit of true repentaunce. Quoth he vnto the *Author*. My freend, since thou hast heard this my sorowfull discourse, how lewdly I spent my life, and how wauering I went from princely potencye, from regall rule wherin I should haue shown en dutifull authoritie, and blinde Ambition hauing so secretly seduced me, as to bend and bow at euery wanton beck: I ran into vtter obliuion of my self, and also of the Almightyes Maiestie. But beeing now reclaimed, and hauing thorowly surviewed my lewd and lothesome libertie, as thou hast heard: for the better warning therfore, of all other which shall come after me: I haue rehearsed this mournfull tale, and (as my freend)

my confidence I repose in thee, to publish this my preter pleasure, mingled With a grieslye gall, as a Warck Wherat all men may perfectly leuell With their stedfast eyes, and so to shun the daungers emminent to followe. Wel (quoth the *Author*) my good will shall not want heerin, though my skill be but base and simple, wherfore referre this vnto me, and dout not but I will doo mine endeuour With as much diligence as lieth in me to doo, wherfore return, and trouble your self no more, for my plighted promise shall be presently fulfilled. With that he departed. And then appeered in sight a griesly Ghoste, With long shagged heat, grim bisaged, and attired in Black, a moste ougly creature to beholde. he desired the *Author* that he would also attend vnto ỹ straunge Mutabilitie of his estate. Wel (quoth the *Author*) proceed, and let me heare What thou hast to say.

Then stretching out his armes, grinning With his teeth, and frowning in the face: he began his sorowfull Complaint.

ENVYE.

E NVYE disdaines his neighbours prosperous state,
N o Loue can line vvhere ENVYE beareth svvay:
V se therfore so your dealings in such rate.
Y ou need not shame your liuing to display.
E xile all fraud, serue GOD, thy Prince obay.

THE COMPLAINT
of King Herod, the first Straunger that reigned ouer the Iewes, for the exceeding ENVYE that in his life he vsed.
Caput. 2.

WHat, shall I speak? or shall I holde my peace?
What shall I doo? all lothes my face to sée:
The more I muse, the more doth woe increace,
The more I shun, the more it followes me.
My former déeds I wish recalld to be.
But Harlot fye, thou speakest to to late
For right reuenge is falne vpon thy pate.

Why should I shun, or hide to showe my name?
To all the world I am an open gaze:
The infant young on Herod cryeth shame,
So black Defame my name abroad doth blaze:
That to lurke vp, oh how I stand in maze.
To Heauen, no, cast down thy head to Hell:
There is the place, where thou of right must dwel.

But that all men may mirrour take by me,
List to the tale that heer I will vnfolde:
Héere warning take, let me your mirrour be,
Sée how at length I trapped am in holde:
You Gallants gay, take héed, be not to bolde,
Least that you run to soone in Enuyes snare:
And so be caught before you can beware.

I Herod am, whose hart with gréefe did gore,
When Christe was borne, whom men their Sauiour call:
I sent forth Mages to forelée therfore,
Which way I might procure him for my thrall:

In

In hart I still desirde his finall fall.
But God who sawe such Enuye in my brest:
Did me bereaue of that I hoped best.

Unto my hart it was an endles spight,
That of the Iewes a King he nam'd should bée:
O then (quoth I) if catch that wretch I might,
All were mine owne, mine honor then were frée.
The pomp of all might then redound to me.
But they in whome I fully fixt my trust:
Returnd no more, their promise was vniust.

I vowed to come with homage to this King,
Dissembling then my ardent zeale of hart:
Hoping that so I might him vnder bring,
And by this drift fulfill my bloody part.
But all in vayne, the more returnd my smart.
And how I frye, and freat in spight therfore:
Judge you if one may any wayes do more.

Condemd I am to the infernall flame,
For lothsome life which I would not prevent:
Proud Pluto now torments my noble name,
Now to to late I lothe my life lewd spent.
Be warnd therfore, eche man kéep him content.
Clime not to high, for sudden comes the fall:
Which leads you to an euerlasting thrall.

You stately Kings that haue the charge in hand,
To gouern those that do them Subiects vow:
Forelœ by me such sinne for to withstand,
Be not to proud, vnto your duties bow.
Remember you but Subiects are as now.
I can instruct how other should deplore:
But I my self could not take heed before.

The Complaint

Call vnto minde the slaughter that I made,
Of tender infants from their mothers brest:
See how Dame Enuye led me by her shade,
That mercilesse poore Sucklings I oppress.
And through my Realme none could haue any rest.
But what reuenge did light on me therfore:
Is to well knowen, I need to speak no more.

For suddenly I caught a bloody knife,
Incenst with ire, to worke mine owne decay:
My Seruaunt would not let me spill my life,
But he perforce constraynd my hand to stay.
Els desperatly I meant my self to slay.
But now at last, beholde a greater chaunge:
Woe to reporte the matter is so straunge.

A loathsome creature then I was to see,
Upon my carckasse Vermin vile did eat:
Such odious sauours did proceed from me,
None could abide for to approche my Seat.
For to beholde my body vermins meat.
My frends and all, now suffered me to lye:
My stinck was such, that none could come me nye.

A iust reward for Enuye that I vse,
A mirrour playne for all that come behinde:
To think how much my self I haue abuse,
And altred cleane from out of natures kinde.
A man, a beast, such doome was me assignde.
And as I was, euen so I do remayne:
Til iudgement come, to quit me for my payne.

Sufficient warning here I haue you tolde,
For to beware how like you do offend:
Now hence I must to troubles treble folde,

which

Which will abide continuall without end.
If therfore thou wilt to thy selfe be frend.
Shun Enuyes snare, take heed of lofty minde:
So neuer shalt thou wauer out of kinde.

FINIS.

The Author.

THe *Author* hauing wel and diligently attended to this Discourse, vttered of this hellish *Herod*: would very faine haue entred into some talke with him, but seeing him so terribly turmoyled with a multitude of grieſly assaults, so greedily gnawing on his cursed carkasse, was content to let him passe, yet seeing that he would not depart out of presence, but expected yet (as it were) to declare some what more of his mishap. The *Author* sayd. Thou hatefull *Herod*, When in thy surpassing pleasure, thou hadst the world at will: little was these afterclaps in thy remembraunce, but now beeing woorthily punished for thy former offences: thou lamentest when it is to late. O my freend (quoth *Herod*) thy woords I haue approoued, for indeed my lawlesse libertie with vnbridled affection: hath trayned me into these mercilesse misseries, Which perforced I

 am constrained

constrayned to abide. But beeing thus bloyled in this bathe of bitternes: faine would I dye, and can not, fayne would I escape and may not. So that woorthily and deseruedly, I abide this my vnlooked for destiny. With that (giuing a hidious grone) he departed. And presently there entred as grim a Sire as he, as ougly to beholde, as beastly in behauiour, and as deformed in his stature. After he had awhile well beheeld him self, and looked in eche place about him: he began his Discourse as followeth.

VVRATH.

VV here vvrathfull vvights in common vveale remain,
R egarded small is vvitie of life:
A ll vice abounds, Discord, dooth Reason staine,
T rueth lyes in dust, and still increaseth strife.
H aue good regard in all thou goest about:
E steeme Dame Trueth, for she vvill beare thee out.

THE COMPLAINT

of King Pharao, sometime King of Egipt, vvoorthily punnished of GOD, for his vvrathfull dealings tovvard the Children of Israel.

Caput. 3.

Of King Pharao.

AY I that Pharao that did guyde,
The noble Land of Egipt late:
Am I that Pharao that did slyde,
From happy helth, to wayling woe:
And am I he, that sought eche way,
For to subuert the Israels state:
Then iustly is mine owne decay,
Falne downe on me, for doing so.
I haue dese'ued the trueth to say,
A thousand times as many moe.
For all the Plagues that God me sent:
Could not inforce me to repent.

Ten seuerall Plagues God sent to me,
Ere I would let his Children goe:
With Frogs and Lice moste straunge to see,
To moue my hardned hart with all:
With diuers Plagues he payd me pat,
For to reclaime my stoutnes so.
But I estéemed not of that,
I thought my state should neuer fall.
I thought to beat all nations flat,
Before that I would gayne the thrall.
But who so fights agaynst the Lord:
Ye spéeds but bad, as I accord.

I did perseuer in my thought,
I did not force the Lord on hye:
I thought my power should euer spéed,
And that his might I could deface:
My hardned hart with VVrath was bent,
I thought to mount vp to the Skye.
But climing, see how I was shent,
For down I fell in lothesome case.
And now my déed I dw repent,

For running such a wretched race.
Beholde how héer I dïue in paine
Yet can not dye though almoste fayne.

The furious Fiends torment my ghoste,
For pleasure vsed in my life:
Trounst and turmoyld in fréesing frost,
Ye burnes this frost as whot a fire
Thus do I passe my dollye dayes,
Amid a thousand heaps of strife:
And from them can escape no wayes,
To late it is for to retire.
But iust desart (as all men sayes,
Fell down on me in midst of ire.
O loathed life, fayne would I dye:
Ceale Pharao, thou in vaine dost crye.

Be warned now you Lordings all,
Let Pharaos fall teach you beware:
Spit forth that griefly goring gall,
Which makes you Enuyes seruile flaue:
Sée Pharao, who of late inioyd,
What hart could wish, deuoyd of care:
And sée, how now I am annoyd,
Judge if a guerdon right I haue.
Because my time I aye imployd,
To fancyes fond which I did craue.
And now my pleasure spent before:
With sowry sauce I do deplore

Say now you sée a pattern playne,
That you the like mischaunce may shun:
Sée héere the lue of dëep disdayne,
That fostred was in Enuyes lap:
Respect your state ere you begin,

How

Vow you your after steps may run,
So shall you scape the stinck of sin:
Which Plato proud doth round bewrap,
When you espy another in:
I think you may escape the trap.
Say n otbut you haue warning had:
Of one that feeles his state to bad.

And thus adiew, I must return,
As Gally slaue vnto my paine:
To place where sily soules dw mourne,
In lothsom lake of Enuy fell:
I must not slack my seruice due.
But with all speed must turne again,
And there be locked fast in mue:
Among a thousand fiends of Hell,
Take heed therfore, think on my lue:
And of the place where I dw dwell.
Then neuer wil you fall in this:
But still take heed to dw a misse.

FIMIS.

The

PHARAO, hauing thus fully finished his mournful Discourse: soone after departed. which when the *Author* perceiued, and calling to minde his former talke: took his pen and noted it down, as neer as he could in the same order as he pronounced it. And before he had brought to full effect his pretended purpose: he espyed approching in place a modest and comely Personage, attired in the weeds of a Gentleman, very sorowfully walking, drying the trisfull teares which flowed from the Fountayne of his eyes with a Handkercher. The *Author* perceiuing this: laboured very diligently, till he had ended King *Pharaos* Discourse, greatly desiring to knowe the name of this pensiue person. For still he erected his eyes, and heaued his hands vp to Heauen, representing the forme and maner of a sorowfull Sinner, bemoning his former offences, and only aspecting for his eternall comfort from the ioyful habitation of the perpetuall Paradise. This so sudden and sorowfull sight, so amazed the *Author*: that he stood in a great quandary, not knowing what were best to doo. But at last this woful wight gaue a greeuous sigh. and folding his armes togither: began his tale.

LECHERYE.

Life better loſt, then liue in ſuch a ſinne,
Eternall ſhame dooth follovve lavvleſſe Luſt:
Corrupted mindes doo firſt this vice begin,
Hating the trueth vvheron they ought to truſt.
Eche one therfore his ſtayleſſe ſtate regard,
Remember (man) the day dravves very neer:
In vvhich all ſinne ſhall haue his due revvard,
Erect thy minde, that then thou mayſt be cleere.

THE COMPLAINT of King Dauid, (by Gods permiſſion) annoin-ted King of Iſrael, ſorovvfully from the bottome of his hart, bemoning his vnbrideled Luſt of Lecherye, committed vvith BERSABA the VVife of VRIAS, and for the procuring of her Huſbands death, therby ob-tayning his purpoſe.

Caput. 4.

DId Adam fall for breaking Gods beheſt,
From tipe of ioy to den of wayling woe:
And did his fact deſerue to be ſuppreſt:
Then Dauids deed, deſerueth treble ſo.

The Complaint

Did Cayne offend when he his Brother slue,
And was suborn'd from presence of Gods face:
And if his fact did force his hart to rue,
O Dauid, then thy deed deserues like case.

What greater sinne then seeke the guiltlesse blood:
What greater shame then loathsome Lechery:
The World my fact hath open understood,
My cruell deed of lawlesse libertie.

O Bersaba which so did blinde mine eyes.
That I forgot my rule and Princely sway:
Her seemely shape did force me to deuise,
A thousand thoughts my purpose to assay.

O when as thou didst laue thy body white,
As in my windowe thee I did beholde:
Me thought I saw a Gem of rare delight,
A Phenix faire stampt out of beaten Golde.

Then that I might my purpose bring about,
On thy swet shape to mittigate my payne:
To bloody Warres I sent thy husband out,
With giuing charge that there he should be slain.

Then did I gayne my long desired tryst,
Thee Bersaba for to suffise my will:
But I a wretch to deale with lawlesse Lust,
Thee to defile, and husband thine to kill.

O wicked déed, me thinks I still doo heare,
Vrias blood for vengeaunce on me call:
O mazed man, where was thy heauenly feare?
What, didst thou think there was no God at all?

O yes (my God) but sore deceiu'd was I,
Before thy face so wretchedly to sinne:
Thy mercy milde (O Lord) doo not deny,
That yet I may thy dwellings enter in.

O Bersaba, forgiuenes I doo craue,
For that I wretch thy body did defile:
Vnlawfully desiring thée to haue,
To spot thy name by such an vnkinde guyle.

And thou Vrias through my déed was slayne,
O where remaind the bounds of Princely sway:
That for my Lust should so desire thy payne,
And to thy foes vniustly thée betray.

Thy dolefull death in hart I doo Lament,
And sory am for this my wicked déed:
Beholde (O Lord) my fact I doo repent,
Wheron to think dooth make my hart to bléed.

You Princes great that rule in regall state,
Beholde how I did blindly run astray:
And brought my self vnto destructions gate,
But that my God redéemd me thence away.

The Complaint.

Take héed how you do lawleſſe loue require,
Fly from ſuch vice as from a Serpent vile:
In feare of God your pleaſures do require,
Then ſhall you not ſeduced be with guyle.

Be warnd by me who am your preter paſt,
Sée how I fell that neuer thought to fall:
Gods mercy yet receiued me at laſt,
And ſorowing teares did make a mends for all.

Direct your wayes as Juſtice doth beſéeme,
Aſſure you, then you can not walke a ſtray:
And of this crime none can you guiltie déeme,
Remember me, and thus I bidde away.

FINIS.

The Author.

THe *Author* ſtood meruelouſly amazed, to heare this dolefull Diſcourſe vttered by King *Dauid*, to ſee how ſorowfully he bewept his ſo vniuſt attempt, and how earneſtly he craued pardon for his lewd offence. At laſt the *Author* approched neerer vnto him and ſayd. Vndoutedly my moſte gratious and Soueraigne Prince

Prince, this your careful complaint/ Wilmoone ẏ mides of other such like siners, to driue into vtter obliuiõ their vnsatiat desires, wherby moste greeuously they offend in the presence of the Almightie. O my freend (answered King *Dauid*) this my fact, was bothe odious in the sight of God and man. yet cheefly in disobedience of the Almighties commaundements / but hartely I lament the same, and wish that this deed may be a mirrour vnto all, to beware how they fall in to the like, and thee my freend and all other, I wish wisely to foresee vnto your selues, be fetuent in prayer, and continuall in contemplation, so the Aduersary shall haue no power to assayle, and so my Freẽd farwel. Adieu good King (answered the Author) and GOD of his inestimable mercy, arme vs all constantly in thy repentaunce.

After this entred a crabbed creature, deformed to beholde, his belly so monsterous and huge, and his visage so ougly to beholde, & after awhiles pausing he began to speake as followeth.

(:)

GLVTTONY.

Glut not thy self with vain desire of wealth,
Let modest mean alway thy state suffice,
Vse not excesse for to impaire thy helth,
The drunken Sot all vertue doeth despise,
The pampered paunch his belly makes his God.
O happy man that keeps the golden mean:
Nought more reproche, or more deserues his rod,
Then vse may seethen such a life vncleane.

THE COMPLAINT of Dives for his Gluttony vsed in his life time.

Cap. 5.

DRound in the gulf of endlesse woes am I,
A Glutton vile, mosse odious to beholde:
My life I led so lewdly out of frame,
That all the World my presence now despise.
And why, for that I might haue shund before:
But fond desire to that repugnant was.

,, I Lordly liued and fared of the best,
,, I like a Prince had all the World at wil:
,, To see the poore did gorge mée with disdaine.
,, I thought all much that went beside my mouth.
,, No, at my gate they should for hunger dye:
,, Ere I a whit would pity their estate.

When Lazarus lay begging at my gate,
I gaue great charge that none should him reléeue:
No not the crummes that from my table fel,
To saue his life hée should them not obtain.
The dogs to him more gentle was then I:
They lickt his sores when els hée naught could get.

And now beholde what haue I for my hire,
An endles flame wherin I fry my hart:
The helhounds stand and claw mée with their nailes,
A thousand plagues I suffer in a day,
And all not half so much as I deserue:
Though ten times more they were adioynd to mée.

Poore Lazarus that pining lay in colde,
In Abrahams bosome frée from harme remaine:
Where I had all the pleasure on the earth,
And hée the woe, his ioyes are treble folde:
My daintie diets now hath sauce ful sower,
Now simple meat would serue for daintie fare.

But hée they say, that wil no warning take,
Deserueth wel to haue a like rewarde:
And hée that makes a God vpon his drosse,
Must buy it dœr, as I alas haue doon:
The pleasure that I had on earth before:
Ful hard I now doo buy it to my cost.

The Complaint.

Sée what it is to truſt in maſſy muck,
ſee what it is to make a God of golde:
Beholde what gain returns vnto my ſhare,
for thinking that my life would alway laſt
I am the wretch that did contemne the poore:
but for contempt, beholde what did enſue.

You Worldlings all that yet remain behinde,
remember Dives drencht in deadly dole:
Sée how deſart ful rightly hath him ſped,
for lawleſſe life deuoid of any grace.
Who ſcornes at God, God ſure will ſcorne at him:
Let him not truſt that welth will ſauegarde sée.

Wel ſince you haue my fatall fall beheld,
I doubt not but you will preuent the like:
If ſo you do, your pleaſure may be more,
If not, your woe ſhalbe as great as mine.
But while you haue a ſpace alotted you:
Remember me, and feare will force you flye.

And ſo Adieu, to Hell I muſt returne,
Where triſtful torments trounſe my carefull corſe:
There muſt I liue, there muſt I neuer dye,
O grilly griefe that neuer will haue end.
Fye on all muck that brought mée vnto this:
Farwel my Frends, ſtil think on Dives life.

FINIS.

THIS

The Author

THis grisly tale of *Diues* perplexed ỹ Author in a dazled dump, to consider with him self, what desert obtayned the excessiue desire of *Gluttony*, what an irksõe sore it is vnto the soule, bringeth the body into a brutish beastlines, and maketh him consũe his dayes in cankred conceits, the flaunting fare, vsed at their rolling tables, ỹ prietỹ regard they haue their owne swinish sloth, from morning to night passing their pleasure in irksome excesse of detestable drunkennes, then wallowing in the mire of mortall miseries pampерd with all securities possible to bring him to ỹ beck of subtil *Sathan*, then is hedlong hurled, into a thousand crabbed cares, a multitude of mischeefs, compassed with cruel calamities, all hope abandoned, faith vtterly suppressed, and vice egregiously imbraced, no tung can possible expresse ỹ diuers dolors brought about by slauish sin, & man so vnstedfast by nature, to run hedlong into the same.

But then to driue him out of his former fantasies, approched one in place with a currish countenance, his paunch borne out and round about beset with fearfull flames of fire: at sight wher of the *Author* stood quaking and quiuering, yet refreshing him self with assured hope he attẽded to hear what he would say.

The Complaint.

AVARICE.

As God hath sent and vvel increast thy store,
Vaingloriously doo not therin excel:
And eke agsin, doo not disdain the poore,
Regarde on earth thou but a time shalt dvvel,
In time therfore this odious vice expel.
Consider vvelth dooth florish but a space:
Erect thy minde in heauen to gain a place.

THE COMPLAINT

of Iudas bemoning his Auaritious hart in selling his Maister Christe for thirtie pence.

Caput. 6.

WHat dw I liue, wil death not end my care
is crwked fate so luckles vnto mée:
that wil not end my mortall misery. (share
No greater plagues must be thy shameleſſe
For lothed life which thou before didſt vse,
In craving that which moſte did the abuſe.

Lothe cruel wretch to showe thy filthy face
Or that the World should think vpon thy déed:
For whose offence ful many harts dw bléed.
For that I wretch transgreſt in cruel caſe.
My Maiſter milde for lucre to betray:
Woe worth thée wretch to think vpon that day.

Of Iudas.

I Iudas am that once Disciple was,
To Christe that was my Lord and Maister déer:
Beholde mée wretch that stands in presence héer.
Who Traitour like his sorowes brought to passe.
For béeing grédy of a golden gaine:
For money put my Maister vnto paine.

I am the Wretch that dipped in the dish,
When as hée said, euen hée shall worke my woe:
And sée how I assented to dw so.
For in the Garden with a traiterous kisse.
I brought to passe how hée should Captiue béer:
Led like a Lamb his slaughter for to sée.

I thirtie pence receiued for my déed,
Which after warde when I recalld to minde:
For my offence great wrath to mée assignde.
Before the Préests I hasted then with speed,
And threw the money in despight away:
Confessing I the guiltlesse did betray.

And forth I went ashamed to showe my face,
For stil my déed did goze mée to the hart:
In that I had dwn such a vilains parte.
I could not rest nor bide in any place.
But went and hangd my self vpon a trée:
In place wheras all might mée plainly sée.

Then Belzabub began to play his parte,
Hée came to fetch my sinful soule to hel:
Where to to bad in tormentes I dw dwel.
Without remorse as is my iust desart.
Loe what an end my Auarice did gain:
For preter ioyes, an after treble pain.

Learne you therfore that see my grieuous fall,
To flye from that which wil incurre your woe:
If on your welth you set your pleasure so.
Vndoutedly to Sathan rest you thrall.
From whome be sure you cannot start awrye,
But in the lake of deadly dole shall lye.

Take warning now from hart I you desire,
Let Iudas stand a mirrour in your eyes:
That Auarice in hart you may dispise.
And not to hye abowe your reach aspire.
For if you dw, your fall is straite at hand:
Prepare before, seek therfore to withstand.

And now I turn vnto my lasting paine,
Desirous still to end my lingring life:
But stay a while, I must haue longer strife.
Example take, to you I call again.
Fly, flye I crane from presence of this vice,
Who wil your woe a thousand wayes intice.

FINIS.

IF now this rare repoꝛte vttered by this Iewish *Iudas*, may mooue a man to minde his mazed miſeryes, pꝛocured by his vnſatiable auaritious hart: Iudge you, to whome is permitted the peruſing of this Traiterous trechery, foꝛ minding moꝛe his money then regarde to his Maiſter, becãe merchant to barter his Maiſter away foꝛ a ſmall value, an intire looue pꝛoceeded frõ this ſeruiſable ſeruant, who erempting all curteous conſtancy, all faith and fidilitie, all looue and obedient duty, towards his Maiſters ſafetie, with a flattering face, in deep deceit betrayed him with a curſed kiſſe. O wꝛetch far beyond deſert deſeruing ſuch a Maiſter, whome neither outwarde vertue could perſwade thee, miraculous dealings content thee, noꝛ looking loyaltie mooue thee, rightly didſt thou gain the name of the Childe of perdition as thou pꝛooueſt periurde in thy great vnconſtancy: ſo iuſtly & deſeruedly reapeſt thou thy duty. Then to dꝛiue the *Author* out of dũps

Wherin he remayned at this tale of *Iudas* appꝛoched one in place ſeemly apparailed like a pꝛeacher oꝛ Pꝛophet: very modeſt and ſage, to Whome the *Author* liſtened to heare What he would ſay.

(:)

Sloth

The Complaint.

SLOTHE,

Sloth is a foe vnto all vertuous deeds,
Learning surmounts the golden heaps of gain:
Of Idle life therfore destroy the vveeds,
Think vvhat renovvn Dame Science dooth maintaine.
Hence foorth subdue all idle thoughts in thee:
Example good to all thy life vvil bee.

THE COMPLAINT OF Ionas for his slothfull slacking the commaundement of the Lord beeing sent to preach to the Niniuites, Caput. 7.

MUse not my Fréends though Ionas now,
appéere before your face:
I come to vtter foorth my crime,
gainst Gods Almightie grace.

For béeing straitly chargde by him,
that I to Niniuie: ¶b
Should goe and tel the People how,
they liued in great miserye.

I would not doo as I had charge, ¶b
but went an other way:
To Ioppa wher in secret sorte,
to Tharsus I would stray. ¶b

And

And finding hoysted sayles at hand,
and ready to depart:
I entred ship not minding that,
which was my chéefest part. ¶b

So forth wée launcht and vnder hatch,
I went to take my rest:
Desiring for to sleep my fil,
for that did please mée best.

But suddainly vnlooked for, ¶b
a mightie storme did ryse:
The anger of the God abowe,
was threatned in the skyes.

The ship was tossed wunderously.
a grœuous sight to sée: ¶b
For death each man did them abuyt,
no way els might there bée.

And stil the Maister plied his charge,
to ease the heauy wait:
Suspecting that should be the cause,
wherwith the ship was straught.

So forth hée cast his merchandise, ¶b
into the swelling seas:
When that was down, yet nere the more,
the tempest did appease.

When euery man fel on his knées,
and loude to God did cry:
Yet was the tempest terrible, ¶b
and raged cruelly.

When

Then vnder hatch the Maister came,
where mée a sléep hée found:
Awake quoth hée, and pray with vs,
shun Sloth wée now are bound.

Then to our prayers fel wée hard,
yet all would not content:
For stil it raged more and more,
in vain their time was spent.

At last the Maister thus gan say,
my Frends if you agrée:
Wée lots wil cast which of vs all,
procures this rage to bée.

The Lots were then immediatly,
deuided twixt vs all:
And when each one had toke his chaunce,
the lot on mée did fall.

Wel then (quoth I) since that this rage,
procured is by mée:
Into the seas dow cast mée strait,
then all content shall bée.

To which for sauegarde of their liues,
they gladly did consent:
But God though I offended had,
would not my perishment.

But present sent a mightie VVhale,
when I was throwen in sea.

within

Of Ionæs.

Within whose paunch frée from all harr
I did remain thrée dayes.

And at the last deliuered was,
this did my God for mée:
So that by this the seas were calm
and they escaped frée.

And though that I offended had,
and slackt my duty so:
God would not leaue mée succourlesse,
but shéelded mée from woe.

For when I called vnto minde.
my great and lewd offence;
The sighing sorowes from my hart,
made spéedy recompence.

For God delighteth more to sée,
a sinner wayle his sin:
Then hée should vengeance present
or iudgment enter in.

So for example you may sée,
my sin which was so sore:
Gods mercy soone did mittigate,
to make mée sin no more.

You therfore that remain on earth,
let this your minde suffise:
Feare still for to displease the Lord,
be not to worldly wise.

Fix still your minde on heauenly th'
that neuer wil decay.

The reſt are but as ſhaddowes heir,
and ſone wil paſſe away:

What vantage is it for a man,
to haue of riches ſtore:
And for to want the feare of God,
which ſtil ſhould be before.

The more a man doth fix his minde,
vpon that filthy droſſe:
The more endamagde is his ſoule,
vnto the vtter loſſe.

For welth doth pamper him ſo much,
that God is clean forgot:
And then at laſt vnto his pain,
vpon him falls the lot.

So that all good and verteous men,
from company refuſe him:
And where before hée was eſtéemd,
now they diſdain to vſe him.

Then is hée throwen into the lake,
of euerlaſting pain:
Where as no fiſh ſhall reſcue him,
to caſt him vp again.

But ſhall among the damned ſoules,
in endleſſe torments dwel:
Where wéeping wayling doth remain,
euen to the pit of hel.

Beare

Beare this in minde in all your works,
before you doo begin:
Remember God is merciful,
and be afrayd to sin.

Turne vnto God, and God to you,
wil turn his cheerful face:
Flye slauish Sloth, and then be sure,
that God wil you imbrace.

For idlenes is enemye,
to goodnes as men say:
Therfore doo shun the enemy,
and one the Vertue stay.

Let all that haue you preter past,
examples be to you,
How you may learn in all assayes,
vile sin for to eschew.

And thus if you direct your wayes,
you walk the path so right:
That heauen is your inheritance,
in foyle of Sathans spight.

FINIS. Antony Munday.

Memor esto breuis æui.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK
of the Mirrour of MVTABILITIE.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF the Mirrour of Mutabilitie, discoursing of diuers other excellent Historyes, bothe pleasant and profitable.

To the Reader.

SOme men fix their fancies on simple shadowes, esteeming *Vanitie* as a *Vertue* to vaunt of, addicting their mindes to *Carnall Concupiscence*, filling their Bags well stored with Welth, which is their whole pleasure. Some againe to hautines of hart, which (as they think) is a goodly glory. Some to seek the ruinate spoyle of his *Prince* and *Countrye* to pleasure the *Enemye*, and thinketh his deed woorthy of eternall memory. Some to the vtter vndooing of their Neighbours, labouring by all meanes possible to depriue him of his honest name, hoping therby to get great cõmendation. Some to vnlawfull liking, which mooueth their vnbrideled nature to stretch beyond the bounds of loyaltie, and hopeth for prayse although it be with great infamy. Some also delighteth in corragious Carowsing, with the superficiall qualities of Quaffing, the which some frequent only for the name of a Lusty *Carouser*, though small honesty is vsed with such an *Artificer*. And some giue them selues to sluggish *Sloth*, wishing rather three houres sleep, then one inch

of

of profit. Of all which, seuerally in these Chapters before passed: I haue drawen some declaration, compacting therin (*The seuen deadly Sinnes*) with their due obtayned hire. And now for that some occasion is offered vnto me, to proceed farther in my enterprise: I haue adioyned heerto diuers other excellent Historyes, selected out of the moste sacred Scripture, desiring (*Gentle Reader*) thy freendly indifferencye, although I want the rules of practised Poetrye / wherwith I might haue flaunted it more gallantly, I referre that to those of more riper excellencye, and accept this (though homely) yet offered willingly / and if I had been experienced, or els might haue come aquainted with such eloquent speciallitie: be sure that I would haue then launched it out with an Emperours liberalitie.

But finding my store house so far vnfurnished, and that trueth need not be so brauely durnished, I yeeld my self to thy gentle courtesie, & build my defence on thy freendly clemency.

Sempre Amico vostro.
A. Munday.

ABSALON, Sonne to the illustrious King, and peerlesse Prophet *Dauid* King of *Israell*, who was so adorned in *Beauty* so bouñteous, in stature so excellent, and in all points of personage was so comely and apparant: stretching beyond the bounds of naturall affection, and more regarding *Vanitie*, then the welfare and prosperitie of his father *Dauid*: disloyally desired his Kingdome, and proceeded so far in his purpose: that he forced his father to fly out of his Realme/ requesting counsell which way he might cleane vanquish and ouercome his Father. But this his bolde enterprise turned to his owne destruction, for both the Armyes beeing ioyned in Battel: *Absalon* & his company sustayned the foyle. And he seekig to escape secretly away, as he rode the heare of his head twisted about the branches of a tree & his horse rũning away left him hanging there: Then *Ioab* cheef Captaine of King *Dauids* hoste, and the Sonne of *Zerniah* King *Dauids* Sister pursuing him: ran him thorowe with his Speare, a iust reward for his wicked attempt.

BEAVTIE.

Be not to proud of that vvhich is but vayne,
Esteeme not BEAVTIE as a thing of price:
As Scripture dooth to vs giue credit plaine,
Vaine BEAVTIE hath oft times deceiude the vvise.
Take heed therfore, she slyly dooth entise,
In fairst vvoords, dooth deep deceit oft lye:
Eche man therfore lift vp his hart on hye.

THE COMPLAINT of Absalon, For his vayne aspiring to the Imperiall Crovvn and Diademe of his Father King DAVID, and for his sudden fall he obtayned in his pretended purpose.

Ca. 1.

ON whom the fates in lowring sorte did frown,
I am the wight and Absalon by name:
Whõ hauty hart (at last) perforce threw down
Vnto my woe, and thrise eternall shame.
But he that læks to clime beyond his reach:
In end dooth fall, experience dooth me teach.

So I for proof the sonne to Dauid King,
Presumde in hart vnto my Fathers place:
A thousand woes I compast for this thing,
And wisht as King his kingdome to imbrace.
For stil desire did prick mée to the same:
But duty said that I deserued blame.

Wel what of that: let duty quake with colde,
Let wanton wil prick forth his lusty prime:
My Fathers Age stil made mée very bolde,
And stil mée thought hée liude to long a time.
His hoary heares were far vnfit to guyde:
So great a charge, this thought I in my pride.

Wel at the last betide mée weale or woe,
I would aduenture for this rare renown:
By puisant force my might I ment to showe,
So that therby I might attayne the crown.
In spight of Sire, or do what els hée could:
His crown and realme obtain perforce I would.

My Fathers force I naught estéeme (quoth I)
I (present) wil erect a martiall band:
For either hée wil graunt, orels wil flye,
Then Dauids seat comes pat into thy hand.
O Absalon chéer vp thy noble hart.
Proceed in this to play a Victors part.

Then lusty Lads I present did prepare,
In steeled cotes to bring my purpose right:
A mightie band I leuied for my share,
Not doubting but to foyle my Fathers might.
Both noyse of Drum, and clangering trumpet shril,
Did prick mée forth for to obtayne my wil.

For what more fame vnto a hardy hart,
Then to encounter with his mortall foe:
What infamy obtaines hée that will start?
And Cowardlylike from out the skirmish goe.
So euery houre I thought a yéer or twaine:
Til I by fight my fathers crowne did gaine.

Wel then at last with courage forth I went,
And all my traine for to performe the deed:
At last we came where readie for me was bent,
Gainst mée and mine for to resist with speed.
With Cannon cracks, the battail then began:
Eche one to showe him self a martiall man.

On each side then began the bloody blowes.
Assault, assault the Captaines cry amain:
The Ensignes spred the battels forces forthowes,
The horsmen they the ranks haue broke in twain.
the hurling shafts and fiery balles do flye:
With such a force as darkned is the skye.

My men although they were the greater part,
A number slaine, the rest began to faint:
The other side are Victors by desart,
then dark annoy my courage did attaint.
I had the worst I thought it best to flye:
Without I would before myne enmyes dye.

Then fled I thence, and glad my life to saue,
For God was angry with my vnkinde act:
Considering I my Fathers crowne did craue,
And entred féeld, which was a bloody fact.
For this my déed reuengement soone hee sent:
to make mée knowe my hart was wicked bent.

For in my flight my heare caught on a tree,
Out of my saddle it did take mée quite:
And there I hung most woful for to sée,
And could no way redzelle my heauy plight.
A guerdon iust thus fel vnto my share:
Because against my Sire I would prepare.

Then knew I wel my hainous great offence,
Had brought mée to my due deserued hire:
Which from the heauens was sent for recompence,
Because so hye in hart I did aspire.
Then wished I all were to bee again:
Because as now I felt therof the pain.

So long I hong in this my doleful pain,
That Ioab did at last retire that way:
When hée mée saw, incenst with ire amain,
At mée hée ran perforce, and did mée slay.
This sharp reuenge from heauen on mée fel:
to teach mée gainst my Father to rebel.

Sée gallant Wyates by mée a pattern plain,
Of hauty hart aspiring to renown:
Who did attempt my Fathers right to gain,
And would haue robbe him of his stately crown.
But loe what guerdon doth on mée betide:
To pay mée home for my excelline pride.

Content your selues therfore with mean estate,
Kéep that which Iustice doth to you allowe:
Take héed by mée remember this my fate,
Perforce the wrath of God on mée to bow.
Wherfore beware this filthy vice preuent:
Least as I am, like case you may be shent.

FINIS.

The

Of Tripbon.

The Intduction.

TRIPHON, a man of great reputation, who assisted *Alexander* in fight against the noble King *Ptolomye*, when this *Alexander* Was departed his life, by subtle sleights, and craftie conceits, found such meanes, that he got the yung *Antiochus* the only heire, to this King *Alexander*, from the *Arabian Emasenel*, who nourisht him vp in vertuous educations, to obtain the crown after his Fathers death.

And when he had obtained the yung King vnder his iurisdiction, he began to compact treason against him, which he could not fully compasse, so long as *Ionathas* (Whome the King had made high Preest) enioyed his life, wherfore to preuent the same, he sought which way he might slay *Ionathas*, and beeing at *Bethsan* where *Ionathas* met with him, accompayned with fortye thousãd men, was greatly discouraged because the force of *Ionathas* was so great, and therfore to coullour the matter, he commanded his Armie to yeeld as due reuerence vnto *Ionathas* in all respects as to him self, And beeing met together / quoth *Triphon* in dissembling sorte, vpon what occation compellest thou these thy People to take such tedious trauail, considering Wee be at peace / and no warres is between thee & mee, return them home again, reserving those whome thou pleasest to haue to attend, and to waight

vpon

vpon thee, and so walk with me to *Ptolomais*, for I wil frankly bestowe it vpon the, beside diuers other strong & fortified holdes, and for no cause els come I, and so I wil depart. *Ionathas* repo-sing confidence in the dissẽbling tale of *Triphon*: commaunded his Army to depart, & then went with *Triphon* to *Ptolomais*, where as soone as *Ionathas* with his men were entred the Cittie: the gates were fast shut, and *Ionathas* put in Prison and all his men slain.

Then afterward departed *Triphon* into the land of *Iuda* leading *Ionathas* with him as prisoner: and hauing intelligence that *Simon* the Brother of *Ionathas* stood vp in resistãce against him: in flattering sort he sent word to *Simon* that the cause why he kept *Ionathas* in warde, was but for certaine money due by him in the Kings account, and if so he would send an hũdred talents of Siluer, and also the two sonnes of *Ionathas* for surety in their fathers behalf, *Ionathas* should return home again.

But *Simon* wel perceiued the craftie deceit of *Triphon*, and yet douting least he should become a greater enemy to the people of *Israel*. and that they should an other day reporte that because no money was sent by *Simon* his Brother *Ionathas* was dead, did send him bothe money, and the two Children.

This fel right euen as *Triphon* did wish for and would not release *Ionathas*, but soone after, put bothe him and his Children to death. and now

at

at last beginneth he to bring about his long and ancient grudge toward the yung King, for as he walked abrode to disporte with him: traiterously did murder him, and so obtained the realme crowning him self King of *Asia*, & did much hurt in the land. But in the end this *Triphon* became so hated of all men, that when *Antiochus* Sonne vnto *Demetrius* came against him: the moste of his men returned, and hee beeing so persecuted by *Antiochus*, that he took ship on sea (after which he was neuer seen.

CRVELTIE.

Content thy self to liue in quiet stay,
Remember stil the end ere thou begin:
Vaunt not to much of thy poore yeelding pray,
Except thou think that thou canst neuer sin.
Let CRVELTIE in thee be cleane suppreſt,
Think that thou canst not alvvay Victor bee:
In thyne affayres respect thy quiet rest:
Esteeme thy Freend that vvell dooth councell thee.

F3

THE COMPLAINT

of Triphon for his crueltie committed against the yung King ANTIOCHVS, vvhome hee cruelly murdered as hee vvalked to disporte him, and for his cruel putting to death IONATHAS, and his tvvo Children, through vvhich hee crovvned himself King of ASIA.

Caput. 2.

IF loftie looks might gain immortall Fame,
Or double dealing merit woorthy prayse:
Then Triphon I by right deserue ẏ same,
Because long time I sought it many waies
But if that Vertue vaunteth for her fée:
Defiance then is open come to mée.

Promotion stil did prick my hart on hye,
With whole desire to gain a Princes place:
For by deceit I thought to mount the skye,
But at the last deceit did mée deface.
Deceit they say so long may vsed bée:
That at the length his Maister shame wil hée.

For so by mée the proof appéereth plain,
When Alexander shrined was in graue:
Antiochus his Sonne I did obtain:
Thinking by him that I the Crown might haue.
But Ionathas did make mée stil to doubt:
Wherfore for him I brought a fetch about.

When

When hée mée met with fortie thousand men,
A mightie hoast that made mée for to quake:
A subtle shift to gloze that matter then,
Dissembling I this drift did vnder take.
And set my tung a phiied phrase to frame:
That no suspect there might be found of blame.

I promised him ful many a gentle gift,
So that at length his men hée sent away:
I séeing I, so fine had playd this drift,
This Ionathas for Prisoner I did stay.
And at the last went out through Iuda Land:
That they abroad my fame might vnderstand.

To Simon who my prisoners Brother was,
I message sent declaring that the cause:
Why I retaind his Brother in this casse,
Was for due det claimd by the Princes lawes.
And if that hée would séek to set him frée:
His Children hée with spéed should send to mée.

Of Siluer eke an hundred talents more,
To mée should come, els would I kéep him stil:
My wish was sent, of mony I had store,
And eke his Children resting at my wil.
Whome afterwarde to death I did commit:
That so therby my purpose might fall fit.

Then I of Asia was proclaimed King,
This was the wish I loked for so long:
But Fortune fel reuengement sharp did wring,
And made mée for to sing an other song
Demetrius Sonne Antiochus by name:
Pursued mée fast to worke my open shame.

And

The Complaint.

And to my ships perforce made mée to flye,
Els had I death sustayned at his hand:
But ne the lesse on seas I wretch did dye,
Deseruing wurse if that my fault were scand.
But God this sharp reuenge on mée did take:
A guerdon iust for treason I did make.

Flye, Flye therfore take warning by my fall,
Let this my déed take place within your brest:
To make you flye the suddain swarmed gall,
Which in the end prouoketh paur vnrest.
Fye on all treason, wo be vnto the day:
When first I sought this wofull accursed way.

Wel since I haue so slyly falne in snare,
And haue to mée incurred an endlesse paine:
You gallant wights I wish you to beware,
Betime, sée you from wickednes refrayne.
So of my woe for euer you shall misse,
And for my greef, shall reign in lasting blisse.

FINIS.

The Induction.

AHAB King of *Israel* espoused *Iezabel* Daughter of King *Ethbael* of the *Sidonites*, by meanes of the which *Iezabel*, he fel into all straunge Idolatry, and ex treame persecutiõs, for which offence

offence hee receiued such a plague of God: that in three yeers should no raine nor dewe fal from heauē on the earth, Wherby ensued a great death bothe of men and beasts / that a number dyed through his wicked offence.

This King as reporte is made in the sacred Scriptures was so wicked, that euen it was his whole delight to doo lewdly contrary to his duty, and yet God suffered him to obtain a valiant victory ouer *Benhadab* the *Sirian King*, Who retayned in his company xxxij. kings, & twise hee harmed him by great and blody skirmishes but ỹ third time he was forced to come prostrate before this *Achab*/ Who for all his crueltie yet pitied the case of *Benhadab*, and making a bond w̄ him, gaue him licence to departe, now for the mercy shewne to this wicked *Benhadab*, Whome God had cursed and brought into the subiection of *Achab* to the intent he should be slain: GOD was very Wrathful against *Achab* / promising his ruinate distruction for the same.

Shortly after, this greedy Gainer not satisfied With his owne kingdome and signories, w̄ his battels, spoyles, and wunderful victoryes, Which God had suffered him to conquer: but the guiltlesse and inocent *Naboth* hee forced to bee cruelly murdered, for naught but for a Viniard pertainīng vnto this silly Wight, Whose innocēt death such vengeance obtained in ỹ sight of God that the Prophet *Elia* brought him message that Where the Dogges had licked the Blood of *Naboth*, in the same place should they lick his also. And ỹ God to him & his posterity would do as

had doon to the house of *Ieroboam* and *Baasa*.

These fearful threatnings sent from *GOD*, so terrified *Achab*: that with repentaunce he humbled him self in sorowing Sackcloth / Which did mooue the Lord to permit his plague farther of. But this his repentaunce was but plaine dissimulation, to winne the harts of men, Wherfore he refused the councel of *Micheas* the true *Prophet* of *GOD*: and reposed confidence in foure hundred false *Prophets*, and after their councel took his iourney to *Ramoth*, where/beeing in Battell with the *Sirians*: an Arrowe pearced into him sieting in his *Chariot*, of which wound he died. And then his *Chariot* going toward the Poole of *Samaria* to be washed: the Dogs licked vp his blood. So was the promise of the *LORD* fulfilled vpon this wicked and cruell King, for his great trangression.

WICKEDNES.

WHile time thou hast, remember life misspent:
IN all thy thoughts respect a Christian care:
CONsider still the end ere thou attempt,
KNOVVE that thy sinnes innumerable are.
EXamin vvell therfore eche fault amisse,
DREAD that the LORD vvill angrye vvith thee bee:
NOVV seek therfore to gaine the lasting blisse,
ERect thy hart, that men good vvoorks may see,
SO then to all thy life shall vvitnesse be.

THE

Of King Achab.

THE COMPLAINT

of King Achab King of Israel, for his wicked life led in IDOLATRIE and cruell Persecutions, and for sparing the life of the vvicked BENHADAB, King of Siria, vvhom GOD had delivered into his hands only to put to death. Also for his procuring the poore NABOTH to be cruelly murdered, therby to get his Vinyard, by the counsel of IEZABEL his Queene (vvhose blood the Dogs licked up on the ground) and also his ovvne blood, in the Battell fought at RAMOTH, according to the vvoord of the LORD.

Caput. 3.

LAscivious life deserueth like rewarde,
And disobedience must haue punishment:
Where falshod rules ỹ trueth cannot be heard
The rod must come to force them to repent.
Where man disdaynes to stand of God in aw:
Reuengement néeds must come by Justice law.

Where Crueltie doth harboure in the brest,
And Rigor puts poze séely soules to paine:
Where feare of God is vtterly suppzest,
And eke the minde addicted to disdaine.
The sharpned swoꝛd doth hang aboue his head:
If God so please, to strike him pzesent dead.

,, Foꝛ pzofe wherof, I Achab may suffise,
,, Whose wayward wil from Wisdomes wayes was bent

I lawlesse lined my God I did despise,
In Idols I did fix my whole delight:
That Iezabel whome I did take to Wife:
Maintaind mee still in this my lothsome life.

For mine offence no raine for thrée yéres space,
Fel on the earth, all barren was and dry:
So that by this a murrain came a pace,
That man and beast a multitude did dye.
The Prophet Elia did disdain:
Auouching hée was cause of all my pain.

But mosse of all. that wicked cursed King,
Dispilde of God for wickednes of life:
God did vouchsafe into my hands to bring,
That so I might abridge him with my knife.
But for because hée homage did to mée:
I sau'd his life, and so did set him frée.

But yet alas poore silly Naboths death
Puts mée in minde my vile and lewd desire:
By wrongful meanes to stop his guiltlesse breth
Procured vengeance on mée for my hire.
His viniard I perforce would take away:
So by these meanes poore Naboth I did slay.

The Lord then sent his Prophet vnto mée,
Who thus did say, for this thy wicked déed:
In place whereas all men did plainly sée,
The Dogs on Naboths guiltlesse blood to féed:
There shall they lick thy blood in self same case:
Because thou didst all feare of God deface.

When

When this I heard, because all men should say,
That I was sory for my great offence:
I sackcloth got and so began to pray,
But this I faind, and glozed with pretence.
And God who knew how I did glozings fain.
Prepared a meane to pay mée for my pain.

For as I sought how I might get again,
The Cittie Ramoth which to mée was due:
The Councel of Micheas did refrain,
And followed those that false weare and untrue.
So there in fight an Arrow perced mée:
Of which I dyed in my tranquilitie.

Let now therfore this trustful tale of mée,
Giue warning how you run likewise astray:
Feare God and kéep your selues in your degrée,
Follow the trueth, exile all fraude away.
And think on mée that passed you before:
To giue you warning that you sin no more.

FINIS.

The Induction:

IEPHTAH the Sonne of *Gilead* base borne, and hated of his Bretheren, was fain to flye, & so went and remained in the Land of *TOB*, as a Straunger from his Bretheren and Familiars, but within a while it fortuned ỹ *Ammonites*

 oppressed

oppressed the *Israelites* greatly with warres, and stood in hazerd of subuertion, so that the Elders of *Gilead* remēbring *Iephtah* was so goodly a man of personage, strong and corragious: they went to desire him to be their *Captaine*. But he alleadged vnto thē ꝑ small regard they had of him before, & now in their distresse came to seek succour of him. So at last through prōising to make him their gouernour: he returned with them. And preparing him self against the *Ammonites*. he vowed vnto *GOD* that if the victory might redound into his hands: the first quick thing that should happen to meet with him at his return, he would sacrifise in honor to the *LORD*, It so fortuned that *GOD* gaue him such good successe in battell: so that he returned Conquerour. And as he came homeward: the first he met withall was his owne beloued Daughter, who met him with pleasant Hermony, at sight wherof he rent his heare, tearing his garments, with many sorowfull lamentations, declaring to her his vow. Well Father (quoth she) content your self/& that is sayd fulfill it, although it be I. And then for two monthes space among the Mountaynes she bemoned her virginitie / with other virgins of her company, and then returned, and was sacrifised of her father as his promise was. A right and rare exampie for all men to take heed of vaine othes.

Rashnes

Of Iephtah

RASHNES.

Regard alvvay to liue in modeſt meane,
A RASH attempt thou after mayſt repent:
Shun ſuch vayne thoughts as make thy life vncleane,
Haue good regard leſt thou be sharply shent.
Now is the time thy daungers to preuent.
Steeme therfore that vvhich shall laſt for aye:
So shalt thou liue vvhen Sathan vvould ſay nay.

THE COMPLAINT

of Iephtah ſometime Iudge of Iſrael, for his ſo rash vovv, in the ſacrifiſing of his Daughter, for the foyling of his enemyes.

Caput. 4.

THe loftieſt minde doth catch the fall at length,
The Wiſeſt man is ſubiect to a ſtroke:
The Champion ſtout ẏ vaũteth in his ſtrength
Is ſoſte at length his boaſting to reuoke.
All is but vayne to purchaſe mortall prayſe:
Which laſts awhile, and ſone departs his wayes.

Man doth appoint, but God doth all diſpoſe,
Euen ſo by me that ſought vainglorious Fame:

The Complaint.

I vowde to God if I might foyle my foes,
And to return as Victor of the game.
I vowed what thing did méet mée by the way:
As sacrafice to him I ment to slay.

Wel forth I went, such good successe God gaue,
That all my foes by force I did suppresse:
I had the wish that I did wholely craue,
I bare the name among both the more and lesse.
My vow I made remayned yet behinde:
I little knew what thing I first should finde.

Returning home with all my mightie train,
My Daughter first in presence I did spye:
A treble griefe did agravate my pain,
My mirth was turnd to many a doleful cry:
My hear I rent, and garments did deface:
Twixt weale and woe I stood in doutful case.

My promise made alas performd must bée,
For vnto God I firmely vowde the same:
My Daughter eke brought treble woe to mée.
That I on her my sacrafise should frame.
No remedy but death shée must sustaine:
And vnto her this tale I tolde with paine.

O Daughter déer which earst was cause of ioy,
Vnto thy Sire to blemish dark debate:
Now art become (alas) his great annoy,
In that thy death is wrought by luckelesse fate.
My rash attempt to purchase lasting prayse:
Hath wrought the mean to end thy tranquil dayes.

To

To God I vowed if I the feeld might win,
What firſt I met, his ſacrifiſe ſhould be:
My foes now foyld that would haue entred in,
Beholde (my Deere) the lot doth fall on thee.
If I ſhould ſeeke to ſaue thy tender life:
My promiſe made would more procure my ſtrife.

What ſhall I ſay (alas) amazde I ſtand,
My promiſe I muſt bring to full effect:
Thy life therfore yeeld ſubiect to my hand,
And be content this World for to reiect.
The Maiden milde this anſwer made her Sire:
Content to graunt to that he did require.

Since you (O Father) haue ſuppreſt your foes,
And ſince your vow doth fall ſo right on mee:
I yeeld my ſelf to eaſe your after woes,
I ſhall ſuffiſe your ſacrifiſe to be.
But for two Moneths to Deſert I muſt wend:
My ſtate to mone before my life doth end.

The time expirde, the Mayden turnd agayne,
Then offered I to God my Sacrifiſe:
Thus my raſh vow, returned to my payne,
To hunt for praiſe, which did me moſte deſpiſe.
When Man wil make a vow without reſpect:
If God offends, his ſoule it doth detect.

You yunger yeeres therfore be warnd by me,
Unto your vowes alwayes haue good regard:
Reſpect in time the daunger for to flee,
Leaſt vnto you do happen like reward.
Stil vow no more then well perfourme you may:
And ſo be ſure you cannot goe aſtray.

FINIS.

The Induction.

SAMPSON, a man thought inuincible for his strength and magnanimitie receiued a womā of the *Philistines* to his wife, wherby he came to his distructiō, for by her alluring woords did open the Riddle put foorth at the mariage, how out of the eater came meat, and out of the strong came sweetnes. This *Sampson* after that hee had sent the Foxes through the *Philistines* corne had three thousand men against him, who by his owne permision suffered them to binde him, and they seeing that they had gotten him: greatly triumphed, where withall he brake his bands, as though they had been of no force. And presently caught vp the Jawbone of an asse, and therwith all killed a thousand *Philistines*, and after fainting for drink, God forced the water to issue foorth of one of the teeth, and therwith refreshed him self. Then he perceiued the Citizens of *Gaza* layd wait for him to kill him, he rose at midnight, and rent the barres of the gates of the Cittie, and bare thē on his shoulders to ỹ top of an hill before the Cittie of *Hebron*. But at length through his fond affection to his wife *Dalila*, he lost Gods excelent gift, in cutting the here from his head, wherin cōsisted his strength, and so was hee betrayed to the *Philistines*, and had his eyes put out, and was made to grinde in a mill like a slaue. But in their day of delight holding ỹ feast of their God *Dagon*. *Sampson* was sent for out of Prison to play before them and make them sporte, the house being full of people, so that in the rose there was three thou-

sand

ſand. But as *Sampſon* was playing before them: he caught the two great Pillers that bare vp the houſe, he called vpon his GOD ſaying. O Lord ſtrengthen me at this time only, that (according to my vocation, executing thy iudgemēt) I may be auenged on the *Philiſtines* for my two eyes. And ſaying ſo: he ſhook the Pillers ſaying. Let me dye with the *Philiſtines*, and ſo the houſe fel down and killed them all, his body by his Bretheren was taken and buried with his Father *Manoath*.

MAGNANIMITIE.

Muſe vvith thyſelf the ſubtiltie of ſin,
A ſentred hath the vviſeſt men aliue:
Great is the fraude, ſhee ſtyly dooth begin,
None can eſcape ſo neer ſhee dooth them driue.
As ſhee hath Beautie trained to her lure,
Next flaunting pride ſhee forced hath to bend:
In all eſtates of this I am right ſure,
Meere ſhifts ſhe hath, her craft for to defend.
If then the ſtoute, the proud and all do yeeld,
The ſimple vvretch hath need to vvalk aright:
If ſhee perceiue him in the open feeld,
Euen then ſhee comes to harme that ſimple vvight.

THE COMPLAINT

of Sampſon, for his fond declæring to his wife vvhere his cheefeſt ſtrength vvas, vvhich made his eyes be pulled out by the Philiſtines.

Caput 5.

The Complaint.

IF I be he whose hauty hart and ſtrength,
Throughout the world erſtelled was by fame
Suruey my life, perule my déeds at length,
And ſée how Women brought me vnto ſhãe.
For I bewraid my Riddle to my Wife:
Which did procure to me a heauy ſtrife.

When as I ſet the Corne in fiery flame,
The Philiſtines conuinceſt me through the déed:
They bound me ſtrait in hope to ſpoil my name,
But yet the Lord did ayd me at a néed.
For nothing I eſtéemed of my bands:
But valiantly broke them betwéene my hands.

Then Gaza gates on ſhoulders I did beare,
Remœuing them vnto the Hebron hill:
My might was ſuch, of none I ſtood in feare,
Til at the laſt through fondnes of my will.
Unto my Wife my ſecret did bewray:
And ſo by her obtayned my decay.

I had example twiſe of her before,
But yet (alas) no warning would ſuffiſe:
If I had kept my ſelf in Wiſdomes lore,
And her refrayned that did me ſo deſpiſe.
I had not faine ſo ſone into miſhap:
Nor ouerwhelmd with terrors triſtfull trap.

But now to late my folly I repent,
And now I mone when as it is in vayne:
When vnaduiſde I ſought my ſelf to ſhent,
And willing ran vpon my bitter bayne.
Wel may you ſay his payment he deſer'ud:
That ſaw his payn, & would not haue it ſweru'd.

For

Of Sampſon.

For twiſe the guyle I plainly did eſpye,
When as ſhe layd, O Sampſon now ariſe:
The Philiſtines dw ſæke to make thée dye,
But quickly I prꝛeuented their deuiſe.
Yet fooliſh man could not be warnd by this:
But néeds muſt tell wheras thy ſecret is.

Her Sirens ſongs layd me a ſléepe on lap,
Then ſhe from me my valiant foꝛce bereft:
The Philiſtines then caught me in their trap,
And then (alas) ſmall comfoꝛt had I left.
But that in God my truſt I firmly héeld.
Pꝛoteſting him my Buckler and my Shéeld.

They traitourlike mine eyes puld from my head,
And in the Mill did vſe me like a ſlaue:
Beholde my Wife what courteſie ſhe bꝛed,
Sée foꝛ my loue what recompence I haue.
Now grinde pꝛe wꝛetch thy liuing foꝛ to get:
To finde thée clothes, and alſo bꝛead and meat.

O ſéely Sampſon now depꝛiued of ioy,
Where is the life that thou didſt lead of yoꝛe:
Is comfoꝛt turnd to direfull dark annoy,
Is all thy fame now dead thou hadeſt befoꝛe:
Why: is it thou that burnt thy enmyes Coꝛne:
Beholde thy ſelf (alas) thou art foꝛloꝛne.

Why, is it thou that ſhund the pierting pawes,
Of Lion fierce that ſought thy dire decay:
And is it thou that rent his rauening iawes,
And Honny hadſt as thou wentſt by the way:
Lwke on thy ſelf (alas) to much vnwiſe:
Sée how the woꝛld thine honoꝛ dwth deſpiſe.

The Complaint.

If with the Jaw of on poꝛe ſtely Aſſe,
So many men thou broughteſt to the grounde:
Why then releæue this thine afflicted caſe,
And haſte thæ ſtrayt thy foes foꝛ to confounde.
Nay, ſtay awhile, thy folly firſt lament:
Remember well how Wiſdome hath thæ ſhent.

Would'ſt thou to fæld to fight againſt thy foes:
O naked man, where is thy chæf defence:
How canſt thou now reſiſt the battering blowes:
Fye, Toward fye, goe ſhꝛoud thy hot pꝛetence.
Think on the ſtate thou didſt inioy beforꝛe:
And ſit thæ down thy folly to deploꝛe.

Say, once thou hadſt, that which thou now doſt miſſe,
Say, once thou waſt fræ from all women kinde:
Say, Sampſon, once thou didſt remain in bliſſe,
And now repoꝛte, O Sampſon thou art blinde.
Thou well mayſt ſay, that once thou hadſt the powꝛer:
But now Dame Folly cleane hath cropt the floure.

Goe cary Gaza gates vnto their plãce
Firſt take thy ſtrength that bꝛought them thence away:
And then perhaps thou mayſt thy foes defate,
But til that time in thꝛall thou næds muſt ſtay.
The ſcourging whip muſt teare thy tender ſkin:
A guerdon iuſt which thou of right doſt win.

This is the thing the Philiſtines did craue,
Thy thꝛall it is pꝛocures their iocond ioy:
Since they haue got ſtout Sampſon foꝛ their ſlaue,
They him detaine their pleaſure to imploy.
And as a fools they vſe thæ at their Feaſt:
With thy blinde ſpoꝛte to frame ſome mery Jeſt.

But

But yet one day as they did celebrate,
Their Dagons Feaſt, I beeing then in place:
To make them ſporte, to God did yeeld my ſtate,
Deſiring then I might them all deface.
The houſe with olde, yung, great and ſmall:
I pulde it downe, ſo kild my ſelf and all.

Woe worth Dalila that ſo wrought my ſhame,
Woe worth Dalila my vnconſtant foe:
Example take, let Sampſons bitter blame,
Forewarne you how you truſt to Women ſo.
No more in ſecret to a Woman ſhowe: (knowe,
Then you would haue that all the world ſhould

See heer ſtout Sampſon valiant in his ſtrength,
Yet could he not a Lowers looke reſiſt:
For all his might, ſee how he fell at length,
And forſde to yeeld to Womens as they liſt,
Take heed by me, let Sampſons great miſhap:
Learne you beware to fall in ſuch a trap.

Ful many moe haue fallen in like caſe,
And all through this, wherfore I warning giue:
Remember Beautie beares a fickle face,
And Beautie aſks a treble coſt to liue.
You haue your choyſe, which you wil take or leue
Refuſe the bad, the beſt you may receiue.

FINIS

THE

Of King Salomon.

The Induction.

SALOMON beeing the Sonne of *Bethsabe*, Was annoynted King to reigne after his father *Dauid*, and When he was established in his Kingdome: first executed Justice vpon *Adonia* his Brother, who Would haue aspired to the Kingdome. Secondly vpon *Ioab*, Who had slayne *Abner* and *Amasa*, and he also conspired with *Adonia*. Thirdly vpon *Semei*, Who cursed his father *Dauid*. This King Was so greatly beloued of *GOD*: that in a dreame he bad him aske What so euer he would, and he should haue it. *Salomon* considering his youth, and ruling in a Kingly office, how difficil a thing it was to rule: desired of *GOD* to haue an vnderstanding hart, to iudge the people with Justice and equitie, and to discerne good from euill. His request found fauour in the sight of *GOD*, and not only he gaue him such great and excellent Wisdome: but also abundaunce of Worldly Riches, Wherin he excelled all the Kings of the Earth, that Were either before or after him to this day. So that all the World came to see and heare his graue and excellent Wisdome, which farre surpassed *Ethan*, *Herman*, *Chalcal* and *Darda*, Who were foure of the notablest men that then liued in the World. But the rare Wisdome of this Sapient *Salomon*: caused them all to stand astonished, bothe for his excellency, and also for his Riches. For he had twelue

Officers

Officers, which dayly prouided the victuals for his housholde, and his ordinary expences, was euery day thirtye quarters of fine Manchet flower, and sixtie quarters of meale, ten stalled Oxen, and twentie out of the pasture, one hundred sheep beside Harts, Bucks, Wilde Goates, Capons & other Foules. Also he had foztie Thousand Hozses, and xii. Thousand Hozsemen to keep them. And the weight of Golde that came euery yeere out of *Ophir* to *Salomon*: was six hundred, three score and six Tallents, beside the bringing in of Merchaunts and other men. His riches was so abundant: that he made all the ornaments of the Lords *Temple* of pure Golde, and euery drinking pot in his house was of cleane Golde, and he vsed Siluer as plentifully as the stones in the street. But yet (alas) for all the worldly possessions and Wisdome that he had: he fell into vnlawfully liking of Outlandish women, wherof he had such store: that he made seuen hundred Queenes, and three hundred Concubines, all which turned his hart to straunge Gods, and of a wise King, made him in maner a stark foole and wicked Idolater. So that for this his greeuous offence, he lost the fauoure of God, and so after he had reigned foztye yeeres/ he dyed, and was buryed in the Cittye of *Dauid*.

SAPIENCE.

Since mans estate corrups as dooth the Flovver,
And in short time his pomp is layd in dust:
Perceiue you may, hovv that this earthly bovver,
Is still vnsure, Mans pleasures vade as rust.
Eftsoones vve see as soone goes yung as olde,
No King nor Keysor, VVise nor yet the Foole:
Can Death deny, they all must to one Folde,
Earth must to earth, so teacheth VVisdomes schoole.

THE COMPLAINT

of King Salomon King of Israel, for his inordinate loone borne to Outlandish VVomen, vvho brought him from the vviseſt and richeſt King that euer vvas, to be caſt out of Gods fauour, and to be euen in maner, like a ſtark foole.

Caput. 6.

BEholde (my friends) the wight whose fickle fate
Through wanton wil procurds his wofull fall:
See heer the man that thought his ſtedfaſt ſtate
Unlikely was to come in ſuch a thrall.
But wel ye lée that Sinne deceiues the Wiſe:
When fond conceits hath power to blinde his eyes.

I Salomon whom God with Wiſdome deckt,
And worldly Welth wherof I had great ſtore:
Did think that ſinne could neuer me infect,
Becauſe Dame Folly ſtil did ſtand before.
And through the world blew forth a golden blaze:
That thoulands came on Salomon to gaze.

For

For when I had giuen sentence on the Childe,
For whom two women stroue before my face:
Such rare reporte went of my Iustice milde,
That Salomon was knowen in euery place.
Loe thus my God adornd mée frank and frée:
That all the World amazed stood at mée.

Beside of welth I had the World at wil,
To straunge it is to heár my large expence:
Of golden gifts I aye enioyd my fil,
My princely port, my Garders and defence.
Were to to long to you for to recite:
For all this welth did naught but blinde my sight.

So that alas I cruelly transgrest,
For fond delight intangled had my minde,
Outlandish Dames did like my pleasure best,
I clean forgot the wrath to mée assignde.
Seuen hundred Quéenes I Salomon did make:
Of Concubines thrée hundred I did take.

O wicked wretch, where was the feare of God,
where was the wise foresights ý thou didst vse:
what didst thou think there was no scorging rod
That would correct thy hainous vile abuse.
If so thou thought'st: why then ý didst but well:
To liue so lewd, gainst duty to rebell.

Why: did not God in dreame appéere to thée,
And bad thée aske what best thy hart could crame:
Did God not graunt thy wish performd to be,
And did permit that thou shouldst Wisdom haue:
How thinkest thou: this canst thou not denay:
How happens then thou wentest so astray.

Alas, because thou didst not God regard,
But in thy welth didst set thy whole delight:
Eche wanton Dame with welth ỹ didst reward,
This made thée fall in such a wofull plight.
And where before thou wast estæmed wise:
Now as a fole eche man doth thée surmise.

What wilt thou dw? thou sinned hast so soze,
By knéeling down to Gods of stocks & stones:
That God will now respect thy case no moze,
Down on thy knées, sound forth thy heauy grões
Lament, lament (O wretch) thy wicked crime:
Desire thy Lozd to saue thy souls in time.

You Potentates beholde my wofull fall,
How wanton will hath thzowen me in the dust:
That now to sinne I rest a seruile thzall,
Loe what reward obtaines vnlawfull Lust.
My hainous faults recount before your eyes.
And learne in time such vices to despise.

Remember me that thought my self so wise,
That I no way could gayne so great a fall:
But when I did the feare of God despise,
Ah wofull man, my comfozt then was small.
My trickling teares found fauour in Gods sight:
And foz my gréef did yéeld me harts delight.

So shall your liues be frée from spotted blame,
Your whole delight shalbe in feare of God:
Then after death you gayne immoztall fame,
If so your liues be swayd with Wisdomes rod.
Then shall you liue, and euermoze be blest:
Among the Saints in the eternall rest.

FINIS.

THE

The Induction.

AMMON the eldeſt Sonne of the famous King *Dauid*, was ſo rauiſhed with the beautye of his Siſter *Thamar*: that he refrained the ſuſtenaunce of his body, only lãguiſhing for his deep deſire. *Ionadab* his kinſman often eſpying the crooked cares wherwith poore *Ammon* was oppreſt: demaunded of him one day by chaunce, What ſhould mooue his minde to ſuch ſtraunge motions: To whom *Ammon* brake foorth and ſayd. O Looue it is to whom I am enthralled, and except I may obtayne my looue: I am but dead, but yet I bluſh to ſhowe on whom I am ſo affectioned, yet vnto you it ſkilleth not greatly, it is my Siſter *Thamar* that procureth my ſorowfull ſighing. *Ionadab* beeing one who furdered his intent ſayd. Faine thy ſelf vanquiſhed with debilitie of ſickneſs, and when thy Father *Dauid* cõmeth to viſit thee: deſire that thy Siſter *Thamar* may dreſſe meat for thee, and alſo bring it thee. The which counſell *Ammon* fulfilled, and when *Thamar* brought him meat: he neuer reſtẽd vntill he ſhamefully forced her. And hauing obtayned his pleaſure. he vtterly diſdayned her, thruſting her out of his Chamber. To whom ſhe ſayd. In thy vſing me thus diſcourteouſly, and in repugning now: is farre greater then the villainy thou didſt vnto me. But for this his wicked deed: his Brother *Abſalon* afterward ſlew him at a Banquet in cheefeſt of his pleaſure.

THE COMPLAINT

of Ammon, the eldest Sonne of King Dauid, for the ruinishing of his Sister THAMAR, accomplishing his desire, through the craftie deuise of IONADAB his kinseman, who causing AMMON to fayne himself sick: obtayned of his Father DAVID, that THAMAR his sister should come and visit him, and when she came, bringing with her a dish of meat: rauished her, and afterward cruelly despised her.

Ca. 7.

INCONTINENCYE.

If men respect their fickle date of time,
Now vp in delight, then drowned in dark annoy:
Computing Age with their vnbrideled time,
Of all estates how brittle is their Ioy.
Needs must they say they taste a sweetned gall,
That as to day their pleasure dooth procure:
In tract of time it leaues their comfort small,
No Rock it is that euer will indure.
Exampled be by preter time vnsure.
No man (although he liue in worlds of ioy)
Can keep him there as in a certayne stay:
You see the proofe, what greef it dooth imploy,
Euen at a clap dooth fetch all pomp away.

O Ammon

Of Ammon.

O Ammon fond, borne vnto great mishap,
O lawlesse Lust that made thée doo the déed:
O wicked wretch now throwen in terrors trap
Where griesly gripes vpon thy carkasse féed.
Fye on thée wretch, lothe for to showe thy face:
Thy hainous act condems thée in eche place:

Hadst thou the hart to woork such villany?
No point of manhood did remaine in thée:
So to dispoyle thy Sisters déere virginitie,
A wicked wish desired for to be.
No merueil though at sound of Ammons name:
That all the world cryes on thée open shame.

What art thou now? a man depriu'd of ioy,
And subiect to a thousand heaps of woes:
Thy pleasures past is sunk in dire annoy,
Beholde thy fate how froward still it goes,
Thy déed is more then is thy punnishment:
Yet wicked wretch thou canst not be content.

But moste of all when thou the déed hadst doone,
And gotten that which thou didst wholy craue:
Then in despite her presence thou didst shun,
And thought great scorne her company to haue.
O hardned hart yfraught with mallice fell:
So gainst all law thy Sister to compell.

O Thamar, I my wicked déed lament,
I sorowe sore for my vnkinde offence:
Deserued doome, full right my state hath shent,
And for my déed, beholde my recompence.
A iust reward, since so I did neglect:
My duty bound to God in eche respect.

For

For as I lat in midſt of mirth of ioy,
At Banquet with my Brother Abſalon:
Not thinking to receiue ſo great annoy,
With blody blade he killed me annon.
Loe what a guerdon did befall to me:
That ſo from natures law did diſagrée.

If I had ruld̃e my ſelf in Reaſons law,
And framde my life vnto a good intent:
Or if I had of God remaind in awe,
Then had not I my time ſo vaynly ſpent.
But where ſelf will is ſuffered ſo at large:
Great is the paynes that after will him charge.

For idle life procures this lawleſſe Luſt,
And idlenes is foe to Learnings lore:
Where wanteth faith, hope and aſſured truſt,
There Sathan ſtill hath libertye the more.
And Sathan aye doth forward frame the will:
To that which would bothe ſoule and body ſpill.

Therfore of Ammon heer a warning take,
Learne in your youth to walke in vertues waies:
Leaſt ſinne in age your pleaſant ioy doth ſlake,
And ſo forget bothe God and bliſſfull dayes.
Remember God, alwayes ſet him before:
And your affayres ſhall better ſpéd the more.

Then vaine deſire can neuer you aſſault,
Nor no ſuch ſinne as I wretch did commit:
Be warnd therfore by this my preſent fault,
And ſhun ſuch drifts as doth no Chriſtian fit.
In all thy thoughts, works, words, or déeds I ſay
For good ſucceſſe to God continuall pray.

FINIS.

Adonia

ADONIA Sonne to the Godly Prophet king *Dauid*, perceiuing his father conuinced with debilitie in his aged yeers: began with proud Courage to exalte him self to the kingdome, and prouided for him self bothe Chariots, horsemen. & footmen, to goe before his father, as though he were king. Which his father well perceiued. but yet he said nothing, because he would not displese him/to incurre his enuye toward him. So *Adonia* went forward in his pretended purpose, and following the counsell of *Ioab* the Captaine, and *Abiathar* the Preest (who greatly took his parte heerin) he made a sacrifise of Oxen and Sheep. Wherunto he inuited his Brethern and the kings Seruaunts, who in his presence reioycing sayd. God saue king *Adonia*. But when as *Bersaba* his mother and *Nathan* the *Prophet* had giuen knowledge to king *Dauid* of his wicked intent: he caused *Sadock* the Preest, and the *Prophet Nathan*, to annoint his Sonne *Salomon*, and to set him vp on his owne *Mule*, and then goe foorth and proclaim him king. These tidings blazed in the new vp start kings Court: cauſed all his company for to shrink away from him, and so *Adonia* was left all alone, who for his more safetie fled to the Tabernacle of the Lord, and would not depart from thence: till *Salomon* had graunted his pardon, so at last vpon this condition that afterward there should no more disquietnes arise by him: remitted him free. Thē he departed home to his house

and When *David* his Father Was dead. *Adonia* fell in looue With *Abisag* the *Sunamite*; and so desired *Bethsaba Salomons* mother to speak to the king that he would giue him *Abisag* to his wife. *Salomon* hearing his mothers request, and seeing that *Adonia* (beeing his eldest Brother) through his Pride would aspire to the Kingdome: thought it good to cut of his pretended purpose, and so put him to death.

VOLVPTVOVSNES.

V ertue surmounts all vayne desire of vvelth,
O r priuate gaines got vvith vnhoneſt vſe
L et man therfore conſider of his helth,
V ainglory dooth bothe minde and life abuſe:
P roou'd it hath beene by reaſons manifolde,
T hat mortall Fame dooth run by headleſſe chaunce:
V ertue, her Fame cannot to oft be tolde,
O rdayned aye the Godly to aduaunce.
V ayne then it is on bad I vviſt to glaunce.
S tay faſt thy faith in him that rules abooue:
N o time deferre to turn from vvickednes:
E ternall Fame, Faith and aſſured Looue,
S hall you adorne in vvorlds of rich increaſe.

THE

THE COMPLAINT of Adonia Sonne, to King Dauid, for his proud aspiring to his Fathers kingdome, & also for his pride vsed against his Brother King Salomon, in crauing ABISAG the Sunamite to his mate: who was a faire and verteous yung Damosell, and nourished King DAVID in his extreme age, thinking by that meanes to attaine to his desired presence.

Caput. 8.

ALthough my déed doth well demerit blame,
My stately Pride and hautines of hart:
Although my life so farre spent out of frame,
Néeds no reporte for such a vitious part.
Yet that the world may warning take by me:
Ile tell my tale that all my life may sée.

And when you haue perusde my life at large,
My mallice bent against my Fathers state:
How blinde ambition did me ouercharge,
With péeuish Pride (alas) vnfortunate.
Reporte that I did well deserue my fall.
In running headlong in to such a thrall.

I Adonia Sonne to David King,
Perceiuing age bedewe my Fathers face:
By sundry sleights I sought about to bring,
Presumpteously to pearch to be his mate.
I thought his yéeres were so farre gon e spent:
that well I might presume to my intent.

The Complaint.

O what renown did I in pride suppose,
To be a King and beare the soueraign sway:
By force of Armes to irritate my foes,
By words to cause my Subiects to obay.
No life me thought in all the world more fit:
Then princely pomp in regall throne to sit.

It did me good to heare the braue report,
Of boldened brests indued with valiancy:
Who trye their fate in mightie Mars his Court,
Protesting faith to Magnanimitie.
On carued Creast to shake the shinering Launce:
This valiant sporte their honors doth aduaunce.

This is the way to win them rare renown,
This is the ioy that chéeres a Princes hart:
This is the way to daunt an Honors crown,
And lasting Fame doth quit them with desart.
O valiant youthes, welfare your plied paines:
Whose happy helths are valiant Victors gaines.

Well in this minde so farre I did proceed,
That I had got such as would take my parte:
Abiathar and Ioab both indéed,
Did giue consent to my presumpteous part.
A feast I made, where many did resorte:
Wishing me King as words did make reporte.

O gallant ioy to heare so many say.
With valiant voyce erected to the skyes:
God saue our King, our worthy Adonia,
O wished pray so gladsome to mine eyes.
But when my Father of my déed did knowe:
My loftie pride was quickly laid full lowe.

Thos

Those which before had called me their King,
Left me alone, they durst it not auouch:
O straunge euent to see such sorrowes spring,
So sone a king, and made so sone to couch:
Dame Iustice scorn'd that I should mount so hye:
And threw me down in twinckling of an eye.

With that I fled and hid my self for feare,
To see what tidings would approche of this:
Then Salomon for to preuent this geare,
Was crowned King in moste triumphant blisse:
At last of him my pardon I did gayne:
So that I would in quietnes remayne.

Yet wicked wretch through loftines of minde,
I could not holde my self with state content:
But once more would reuert to former kinde,
Aspiring still my purpose to attempt.
And for to bring my matter more aboute:
This prettye shift on sudden I found out.

I sought to haue Abisag fayre to wife,
Which when my Brother Salomon did spye:
I could not keepe my self in quiet life,
But still I sought to pearch my head on hye.
Deserued death for pride I did attayne:
So all my pomp on sudden did distayne.

Now Lordings see my proud presumpteous part,
What liew I gayned in recompence for all:
See Iustice scorn'd at my vnlawfull part,
And from the top did headlong make me fall.
I which was Sonne vnto a famous King:
By pamperd pride my ruin great did bring.

Consider truethy will haue her rightfull place,
Her touchstone tries & sounds eche mans intent:
Though for a while Vaine glory her deface,
Yet at the length her foes she will preuent.
For Falshode doth awhile holde on her glose:
But trueth at length her dealings will disclose.

Now what auailes my loftines of minde,
My princely pomp in midst of all my flowers:
My hauty hart which made my sences blinde,
And made me seeke to rule in Kingly bowers.
What, haue I gaind immortall fame therby:
Or such renown to pearch the azured skye?

O no my frends, small honor is my share,
Small is the fame that will redound to me:
Shame is my due for this my recheleße care,
My wicked life so lothesome for to see.
Rebelling so gainst Natures stayed state:
And seeking so to be my Fathers mate.

What, didst thou think thy Father liu'd so long,
And duty bad thee so cut of his dayes?
And did obedience meane thee offer wrong,
To him whose life so many men did prayse.
Or canst thou iudge Dame Waisdome did agree:
That so thou shouldst vsurp his dignities,

Alas, no, no, thy duty bad thee seeke,
To serue thy Sire with reuerence in eche place,
To stand in awe, to showe thy self so meeke,
In euery point Obedience to imbrace.
Now saist thou now, hast thou done so or no?
Alas my frends in life I thought not so.

Remember me which past before your time,
Remember how I fell from blisse to bale:
Be mindefull still of my presumpteous crime,
Which forced me to tell this tristfull tale.
Respect the end before you doo begin:
Feare to offend in such a gréeuous sinne.

Consider life is but a puffe of winde,
And worldly pomp is but a brittle blaze:
Your earthly drosse dooth naught but make you
while you abide within this mortall maze. (blinde
Ful many sin, but fewe their liues repent;
Nor think how soone their folly will them shent.

Gods Judgement stands to cut down lofty grafts
As séeme to reach more then they can aspire:
Though for a time you faine such cunning crafts,
As well you think to gaine your whole desire.
The end brings all, the proofe hath oft béen séene:
Pride hath his due, iudge what therof I meane.

And thus I wish you well your liues to frame,
In modest meane to kéepe your selues content:
Auoyd this vice, and so you shun the blame,
Which dooth belong to such as it frequent.
Let Adonia serue example due:
For perfect proofe that this his text is true.

FINIS.

Ptolomye

PTOLOMYE King of *Egipt*, espoused his kayre Daughter *Cleopatra* to *Alexander* the Sonne of the Noble *Antiochus*, the which contracted betweene them two a great bond and league of Amitie/ the which *Ptolomye* afterward periurdely forsook, in recalling his former fauour from *Alexander*, labouring by all possible meanes for to defeat him of his Kingdome, and *Alexander* remayning for a time out of his Realme: serued fit for the purpose of *Ptolomye*, for he leuyed a great Armye of men, and iournyed into *Siria*, where he was very honorably receiued into euery Cittie/ because it had beene so commaunded before by *Alexander*, & his trecherous treason was not suspected/ for because he was the Kings Father in law. But *Ptolomye* whose going was only for that intent: in euery Cittie left certayne well armed men, to fortifye them for his practise. And hauing subdued all the Citties on the Sea coasts: ioyned in League with *Demetrius*, and took *Cleopatra* his daughter from *Alexander*, and gaue her to *Demetrius*, rayssing vp a slaunderous reporte of *Alexander*, how that he sought all meanes to kill him. When as his greedy and vnsatiable couetousnes was noted and espyed: he departed to *Antioche*, where he set two Crownes vpon his owne head, the one of *Egipt*/ the other of *Asia*. *Alexander* at that time making his aboad in the dominions of *Cicilia*, & hauing been irritated with the cruell attempt of his father in law: returned home, making open warres

warres against him. But *Ptolomye* beeing more puisant in strength: forced him for to flye into the Countrey of *Arabia*, wheras the king of that land smot of his head, and sent it vnto *Ptolomye*, which was the thing he cheefly desired. But small ioy had he therof, for within three daies after he was slaine, and after his death, his men that were left in the Cities: were all put to death.

VAINGLORY.

V aunt not to much of that vvhich is but vayne,
A ndbeare in minde thy state is heer vnsure:
I t is not vvelth that can abridge thy payne,
N or lostie looks thy vvelfare can procure.
G reeue not to see thy neighbour prosper vvell,
L et blinde Ambition rule thy hart no more:
O r seek not gainst the simple soule to fvvell,
R egard to haue discretion good before.
Y our happy helth shall aye increase the more.

THE COMPLAINT of King Ptolomye King of Egipt, for his vnnaturall crueltie vsed tovvard the Famous ALEXANDER, vvho vvas his Sonne in Lavv.

Caput. 9.

The Complaint.

NO greater Foe, then grēedynes of minde,
No seruile life like to contemptuous pride:
No greater sinne then willing to be blinde,
No folly more then in vain hope to bide.
What more deceit? then look thy Frēend in face:
And work his death, in most vngentle case.

For proof wherof I Ptolomye may serue,
Whose hauty hart, and moste ambitious minde:
Procured mee from Princely rule to swerue,
And cruelly to stray from Natures kinde.
Wherfore my tale let peirce the flinty hart:
How like they fall in such vnlawful part.

My Daughter fair that Cleopatra hight,
To Alexander of illustrious fame:
In nuptiall band contented I did plight,
Til Enuie vile contempt did seek to frame.
My grēedy minde my honor soon let fall:
That in the end I lost both fame and all.

My former vow I wretch did clean reuoke,
Of faithful frēendship to my sonne in law:
Now perching pride had quickly strook the stroke
Gainst verteous life wherof I had no awe.
But banishing all fauour from my hart:
Did seek to frame a moste vnlawful part.

My noble Sonne from Kingdome bēeing gon,
Whose absence wrought the more for my intent:
I ruled at home and none but I alone,
Now thought I good my Sonne for to preuent.
And of his Kingdome clean him to bereaue:
By traitrous dēeds I purposde to deceiue.

Then

When I likewise to all his Citties went,
Wherin I left of armed men good store:
That at such time as serude for mine intent,
I might obtain that long I wisht before.
Yet for his sake vnto his Citties all:
I was receiude with Fame imperiall.

More Traitour I that such a déed could frame,
Considering that I was receiude so wel:
And only hée did yéeld to mée such fame,
Gainst whom I did vnkindly so rebel.
Wel, loue nor fauour could my minde intreat:
But enuiously I went about this feat.

When as I had eche Cittie fair subdude,
That on the seas did harbour there about:
By other shifts my fetches I renude,
And now I had an other plat drawen out.
Demetrius I did ioyne in league with mée:
And so to war til all consumde might bée.

My Daughter fair I took from rightful make,
And to Demetrius did her giue againe:
Then had I rayse a slaunder vp of hate,
How Alexander sought to haue mée slaine.
And so through this such enuie vile I bred:
That Kingdomes twain I crowned on my hed.

O braue delight as braue as beaten Golde,
O happy life long loked for before:
I droue my Sonne into Arabian holde,
Wheras to make my honor larger more.
His hed was sent as present vnto mée:
Oh how I ioyd when I this sight did sée.

But yet this pomp to short a time did lack,
Within three dayes I dyed in grieuous case:
What vauntage then when honor all was pack,
Did I obtaine in my new Kingly place.
My sonnes déer blood for vengeance stil doth cry:
Gainst me a wretch that wrought this villany.

You Noble harts sée héere a pattern playne,
Of painted Pride contemning verteous life:
Sée héere a gulf of Enuye and Disdayne,
A mortall foe that still procured strife.
Sée héere the wight whose folly made him fall:
In séeking that which did return his thrall.

Sée what I gayned for grédines of minde,
Sée how the Lord did pay me for my payne:
In that I went so farre from Natures kinde,
As worke the meanes to cause my sonne be slayn.
Whose guiltlesse death beholde I now lament:
Desiring pardon for my life mispent,

Learne now therfore like Enuy to eschew,
Least that your selues do fall into like snare,
Dout not but you shall finde the end to true,
Therfore in time I wish you to beware.
So are you sure the daunger to preuent:
Of such a sinne as I poore wretch am shent.

FINIS.

Iezabell

IEZABEL espoused to king *Achab*, pricked her husband forward vnto all wickednes and Idolatrie, and also caused the Prophets of the Lord to be slayne, and was cheefe cause that *Naboth* was stoned to death, therby to enioy his Viniard. But when she had intelligence of the comming of *Iehu*: she tricked her self vp in her flaunting fines, & looked out at her windowe as he came in at the gate, to whom she sayd in this maner. Had *Zimei* peace which slew his maister meaning. Could a Traitour, or any that presumeth against his superiour haue good successe in his enterprise. After which woords she was throwen out at the windowe, with such great violence: that her bones were all bruled in peeces, and so tramped on with horses: that when they came to take her vp to bury her: no more was found, then her scull, her feet, & the palmes of her hands. Heerin was *Elias* Prophecie brought to passe, when he said. That Dogs shall eat the flesh of *Iezabell*, and her carkasse shall lye as dung vpon the earth, so that none shall say This was *Iezabell*.

VANITIE.

I would vvel the state of euery mortall vvight,
Although they boast of Beauties beames so much:
Note how that Death doth equall all aright,
Neath degree hee spareth not to touch.
The vvise, the Foole, the King and Begger base,
Fall alike that commeth in his clouteh.
Excepteth none, hee takes in euery place.

THE COMPLAINT
of Iezabel Wife to King Achab, for her inforcing her Husband to all kinde of vvickednesse and Idolatree, & causing the Prophets of the Lord to be slain, and procuring the guiltles death of Naboth shee beeing iustly therfore plagued of the Lord.

Caput. 10.

IF Beautie be a thing of such respect,
If hauty hart the Body do adorn:
Why did my shape and beautie mee detect?
Why did my pride make mee so much forlorne
And if all these were Vertues in a Wife,
Why did so soon my pleasure turn to strife?

O no deer Dames these vaunts are worldly vain,
These are the pomps wherin you glory so:
This painted pride procures your after pain,
Which you lament distrest in double wo.
And why? because you did not seek before:
A soverain salue to cure so vile a sore.

Of Iezabel.

But lo déer Dames to much you be deceiude,
To much you truſt to that which is vnſure:
For péeuiſh pride your ſences hath bereude,
Which makes you think for aye you ſhall indure.
O think not ſo, for beautie is but vain,
To day a ioy, to moꝛꝛow, pinching pain.

Beholde by mée if beautie might haue boaſt,
Or hauty hart to haue Dame Honors place:
Beholde her héer who thꝛough each forrain Coaſt
Knew not her Péer for loftie lookes in face.
But now what doth my mounting minde auaile
So long on ſlote, that glad to ſtrike my ſaile.

I Iezabel, ſometime King Achabs Wife,
Diſdaining God and Idols did obay:
Surmounting in all viciouſnes of life,
And only Pride did force mée run aſtray.
For Pride from God did force my wilful fall:
That grace nor vertue I eſteemd at all.

But in a Woꝛld of pꝛanked pleaſures gay,
I flaunted forth as much as hart could crame:
I was the cauſe the Pꝛéeſts of God to ſlay,
And Naboths death deſired for to haue.
Why who but I, ſo many fetches had:
With ſubtle ſleights to make my fancy glad.

But what at length was my deſerued due,
From windowe down I fel and bꝛake my neck:
By pꝛophecie which I appꝛoued true,
This hire I had that Vertue would detect.
In cinders ſmall my Body lay on ground:
Trod ſo with Horſe that little could be found.

Now

The Complaint.

Now lée what came to Iezabel at laſt,
Sée what became of my alluring face:
My Peacoks plumes down in the duſt were caſt,
What guerdon did my loftie pride purchaſe.
Beholde my déeds, and then beholde my fame:
Beholde my life, and then beholde my ſhame.

Now daintie Dames your Mirrour take by me,
To warne you pull your hauty heads more lowe:
Let me you learne your welfare to foreſée,
And teach you how more grauitie to ſhowe.
Let Modeſtie your outward veſtures be:
And Vertue deck you inward frank and frée.

Leaue of theſe braue and ſundry flaunting ſuites,
Leaue of to wiſh for euery ſtraunge deuiſe:
Vilde Modeſtie your Katelines rebukes,
She would not haue you goe ſo coy and nice.
But prudently to guyde your dealings ſo:
That in eche place with vertue you may goe.

Now when I ſmart I can you warning giue,
That you may ſhun the ſorrowes which I haue;
Now I confeſſe, that vertuouſly to liue,
By due deſart doth endleſs honor craue.
Counſell once had is better euer then neuer:
Feare God, and then thou ſhalt be crowned euer.

FINIS.

Zedekias

ZEDEKIA Sonne vnto *Iosia* was by *Nabucodonozor* elected and made king ouer *Iuda*. in the sted and place of *Ieboachin* his Brother, to Whome he made him faithfully to vow that hee would truely obay the *Chaldeis*, and so in tokē therof from *Mathania* he changed his name to *Zedekia*. But he neglecting his duty and falsifying his othe, suffered sinne and wickednes to reigne and abound in his Land, euen aswel among the cheef Rulers and Preests, as also among ỹ meā and common sort. So that God was not regarded, his Woord vtterly despised, & his Prophets vnlawfully misused: therfore the Lord stirred vp the *Chaldeis* with whom he had before broken league, and falsified his faith, that they came and ruinated the Citie of *Ierusalem* and sacked the *Temple* with fire, and there took the King *Zedekia* his Army beeing scattred abrode, in the plain of *Iericho* & led him to the King of *Babilon*, Where first his two Sonnes were destroyed in his presence and then his owne eyes pulled out, and then led him Captiue to *Babilon*, bound in chaines, wheras hee dyed, and his People remained threescore and ten yeers in captiuitie, til the dayes of King *CIRVS*.

¶

The Complaint

WILFVLNES.

VVhere men doo more respect their priuate gayne,
In vaine excesse, then VVisdomes stayed state:
Light to contemne, slovve to release their paine,
From vvhom bothe helth and riches is ingrate.
Sing them selues as belly Gods so rude,
Leaning vpon the honor of their pelf:
Not scorning still them selues for to intrude,
Eche man to pole, for to inrich him self.
So slides from God to greater greese renued.

THE COMPLAINT

of Zedekia sometime King of Iuda, for neglecting his vovved othe and faithfull promise made to King Nabuchodonozor, in suffering all sinne and vvickednes to abound in his Kingdome, beeing iustly plagued of GOD therfore.

Caput. 11.

AMid the rest giue Zedekia place,
Iosias Sonne to tell his great mishap:
VVhom Folly fond so grieuous did deface
As in my porp depriude me at a clap.
Such crooked chaunce that for a time did smile:
But at the length displayd a hidden guyle.

Of Zedekia.

Firſt was I King and ruled Iuda Land,
In promiſe that I conſtant would remain:
When as this Welth was brought into my hand
I ſuffred ſin to much to haue the raine.
Gods word was clean ſuppreſſed in the duſt:
The Preſts and Rulers ſind in filthy luſt.

The Chaldies then Ieruſalem deſtroyd,
The holy Temple burnd with flaming fire:
My Soldiars all with terror were annoyd,
I taken was, ſo did my ſinnes require.
My ſonnes were ſlayne (O greéfe) before my face:
Mine eyes puld out in moſte accurſed caſe.

Then captiue I to Babilon was led,
In fettered chaines with direfull dole yfraught:
My people pore with tirrany were fed,
All long of ſinne which I (alas) haue wrought.
Thriſe twentye yéeres and ten they bid the pain:
Till Cirus came their freédome to obtaine.

Loe thus I liu'd, loe thus I had my ſhame,
A guerdon iuſt to counteruaile my hire:
take héed therfore how you contemn Gods name,
For your reward is euerlaſting fire.
My ſinfull life, my death ſo voyd of grace:
Let now ſuffiſe to warn you in eche place.

Fewe words ſhall ſerue, in haſte I goe my way,
And wiſh you well my perill to forclæe:
Be rulde by trueth, let Vertue beare the ſway,
Think on the end the daunger for to flée.
For I haue prou'd that which I rew with payn:
And wiſh to late I had not liu'd ſo vayne.

FINIS.

AD PRECLARVM
et nobilissimum Virum EO.

Auta Mari medio vectus spumãtibus vn-
de positis portu sperat reperire salutẽ: dis,
Conscius extremo procumbẽs Carcere latro
sperat fortunam lucis sentire ministram.
Pallidus attonito vultu tardatur Amator
Finem tamen dominam confidit habere benignam.
A patrijs sperat Perigrinus finibus exul:
Orbe pererrato sibi, conciliare quietem.
Hac ratione meum vino visurus Alexin,
Tristitiaque mea latas perstringere fines.
Speque rereabor, medicum Fortuna resistat,
Donec opem ferat, et morbo mediatur acerbo.
Non aliquando diem tantas peressere tenebras,
quin redeat spargens glebis sua fulmina Phœbus.
Aequora quando metam certam posuere furendi,
Gaudia securis ego sic possessa tenebo.
Mi formose vale, valeat tua grata voluntas,
Deprecor optata tutus potiaris arena.
Te, cunctosque tuos CHRISTO committo tuendos,
Donec præsentes sermone fruamur amico.

FINIS.

Honos alit Artes.

The

THE TABLE

discoursing the sum of the Chapters contained in
this BOOK.

The contents of the *first BOOK.*

THe complaint of King Nabucodonozor, sometime King of Babilon, for the inordinat and excessiue pride that hée vsed in his life time. Caput 1

¶ The Complaint of King Herod, ý first Straunger, that reigned ouer the Iewes, for the excéding Enuie that in his life hée vsed. Ca. 2.

¶ The Complaint of King Pharao, sometime King of Egipt worthily punished of God, for his wrathful dealings toward the Children of Israel. Caput. 3.

¶ The Complaint of King Dauid, (by Gods permission) annoynted King of Israel, sorowfully from the bottome of his hart bemoning his vnbrideled lust of Lechery, committed with Bersaba the Wife of Vrias, and for the procuring of her Husbands death, therby obtayning his purpose. Caput. 4.

¶ The Complaint of Diues, for his Gluttony vsed in his life time. Caput. 5.

¶ The Complaint of Iudas, bemoning his Auaritious hart in selling his Maister Chirste for thirtie pence. Ca. 6.

¶ The Complaint of Ionas for his slothful slacking the commaundement of the Lord, béing sent to preach to the Niniuites. Caput. 7.

Heer endeth the sum of the Chapters conteined in the first BOOK.

The Contents of the second Book.

The Table.

THe Complaint of Absalon for his vain aspiring to the Imperiall Crown and Diadem of his Father King Dauid, and for his suddain fall he obtayned in his pretended purpose, Caput. 1.

¶ The Complaint of Triphon for his cruelltie committed against the yung King Antiochus, whome hée cruelly murdered as hée walked to dispoyte him, and for his cruel putting to death Ionathas and his two Children, through which hée crowned him self King of Asia. Caput. 2.

¶ The Complaint of King Achab King of Israel, for his wicked life led in Idolatrie and cruel persecutions, & for sparing the life of the wicked Benhadab King of Siria, whome God had deliuered into his hands only to put to death. Also for his procuring the poore Naboth to be cruelly murdered, therby to get his Viniard, by the counsel of Iezabel his Quæn whose blod the Dogs licked vp on the ground, and also his owne blod in the battel fought at Ramoth, according to the word of the Lord. Ca. 4.

¶ The Complaint of Iephath sometime Iudge ouer Israel, for his so rash vow, in the sacrifising of his Daughter, for the foyling of his Enemies. Caput. 4.

¶ The Complaint of Sampson, for his fond declaring to his wife where his chæfest strength was, which made his eyes be pulled out by the Philistines. Ca. 5.

¶ The Complaint of King Salomon king of Israel, for his inordinate loue borne to outlandish women, who brought him from the wisest and richest King that euer was: to be cast out of Gods fauour, and to be euen in manner like a stark Fole. Caput. 6.

¶ The Complaint of Ammon the eldest Sonne of K. Dauid for the rauishing of his Sister Thamar, accomplishing his desire, through the craftie deuice of Ionadab his kinsman, who causing Ammon to fain him self sick, obtained of his Father Dauid that Thamar his Sister should

coms

come and visit him, and when shée came, bringing with her a dish of meat, ravished her, and afterward cruelly despised her. Caput. 7.

¶The Complaint of Adonia, Sonne to King David, for his proude aspiring to his Fathers kingdomme, and also for pride vsed against his Brother King Salomon, in craving Abisag the Sunamite to his mate, who was a fair and vertuous yung Damosel, & nourished King David in his extreme Age, thinking by that meanes to attain to his desired pretence. Caput. 8.

¶The Complaint of Ptolomye King of Egipt, for his vnnaturall crueltie vsed toward the famous Alexander, who was his Sonne in law. Caput. 9

¶The Complaint of Iezabel, Wife to King Achab, for her inforcing her Husband to all kinde of wickednes, & Idolatrye, and causing the Prophets of the Lord to be slaine, and for the procuring the guiltlesse death of Naboth, shée béeing iustly therfore plagued of the LORD. Caput 10.

¶The Complaint of Zedekia sometime King of Iuda, for his neglecting his vowed othe and faithful promise to K. Nabuchodonozor, in suffering all sinne and wickednes to aboũd in his Kingdome, béeing iustly plagued of God therfore. Caput. 11

The end of the Table of the Chapters contained in this BOOK.

Honos alit Artes.

FINIS.

Antony Munday.